THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 12, 1931
[Registered at the G.P.O. at a Newspaper

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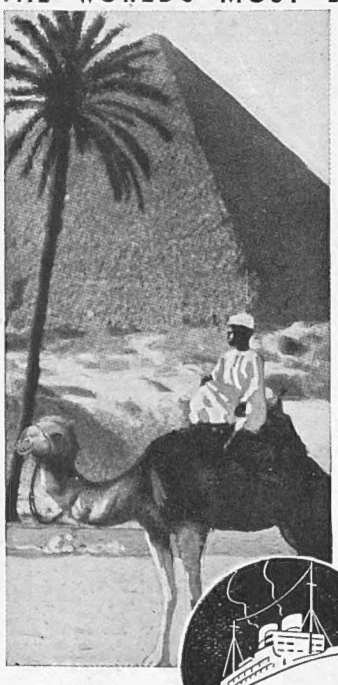

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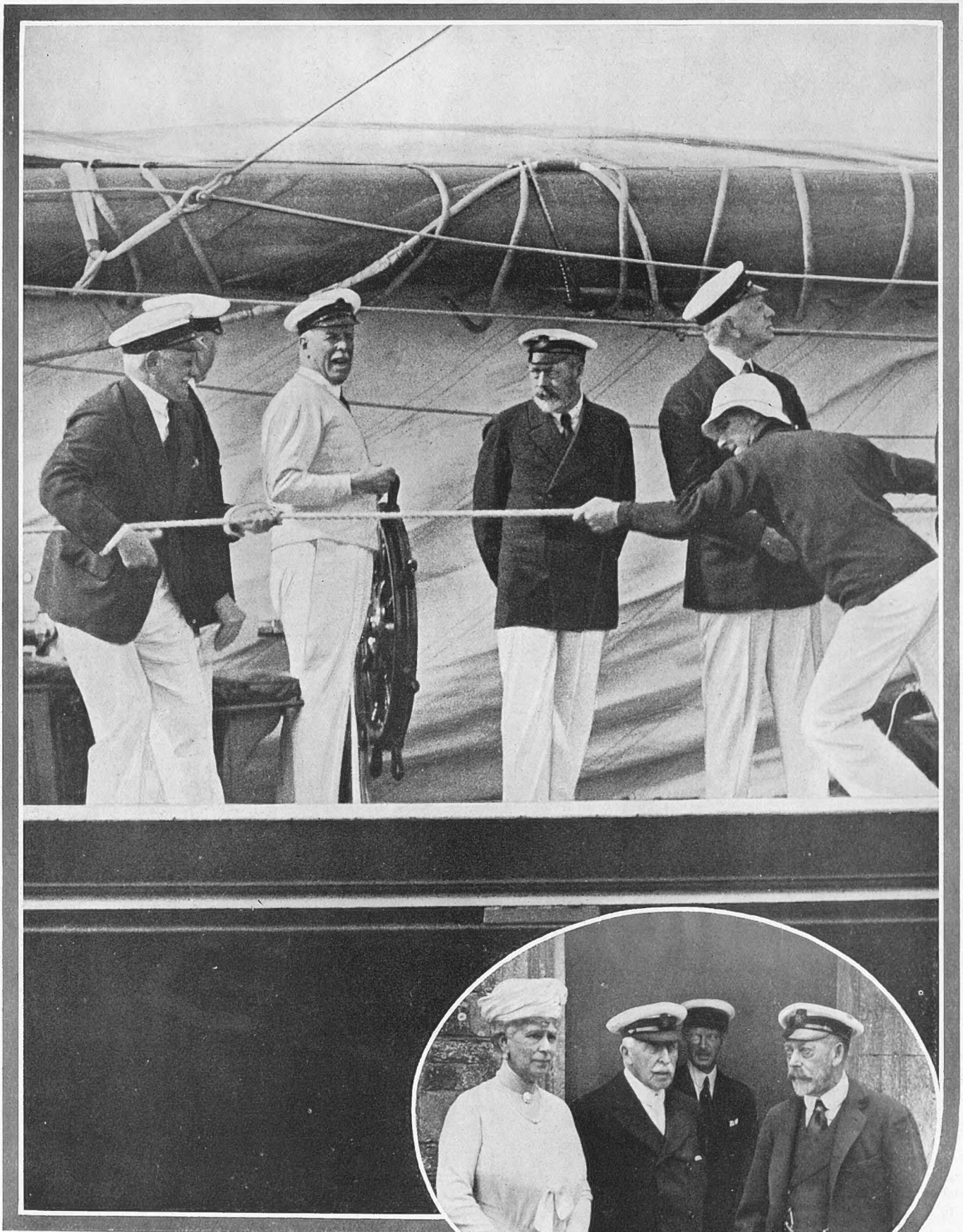
the BYSTANDER

Lenare

MRS. ARTHUR CLEAVER

Who recently completed a flying tour round the world and is now contemplating another similar flight. The wife of Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Cleaver, she has many good flights to her credit, including a solo trip across America from New York to Hollywood and a flight to India and back



ROYALTY AT COWES

His Majesty on board "Britannia" at Cowes as the Royal Yacht was hoisting sail preparatory to taking part in the race for the King's Cup, from which it withdrew. Sir Philip Hunloke is at the wheel and Major B. Heckstall-Smith, the secretary to the International Yacht Racing Union and Yacht Racing Association, is seen on the left lending a hand on the rope, while Lord Loch is on His Majesty's left. Inset is a photograph of Their Majesties and the Duke of Connaught taken outside the private chapel of Carisbrooke Castle

the passing hour

A general view of the crowd on the lawns at Cowes watching the six-metre yachts in action. This year the Regatta was spoilt to some extent by the rough weather, and the tragic fate of the second mate of His Majesty's yacht "Britannia," who was swept overboard and drowned, cast a shadow over the meeting

THE birthday of the Duchess of York and the drowning of the second mate, Friend, of Britannia at Cowes were the two chief events of last week. The latter affair was most unfortunate and almost unprecedented. One can only suppose that the man, who had hurried down to pull the lee-runner, must have been injured in some way, for within thirty seconds of his going overboard a dinghy had been launched from Britannia and was rowing over the spot where he was last seen.

THAT evening there was the usual meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron for the election of new members. Before the election took place a vote of condolence was passed. Incidentally, only one new member was elected—Major Rose Richards. As they say in the Scriptures, many are called, but few are chosen. But it is not kind to delve too deeply into the names of unlucky candidates over the past two or three years. As a matter of fact, members of the Yacht Squadron are becoming a little less brutal in their blackballing. This, indeed, is a matter of self-preservation. New blood is badly needed. Last year alone between twenty and thirty members died.

A POWER IN THE LAND
Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, one of the most prominent personalities at Cowes. He is the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron and a very keen and experienced yachtsman

Mrs. Philip Kindersley and Mrs. Ernest Guinness with a land rather than a sea-dog at Cowes. Now that the Regatta is over and the Twelfth has arrived, Society is trekking northwards to the moors

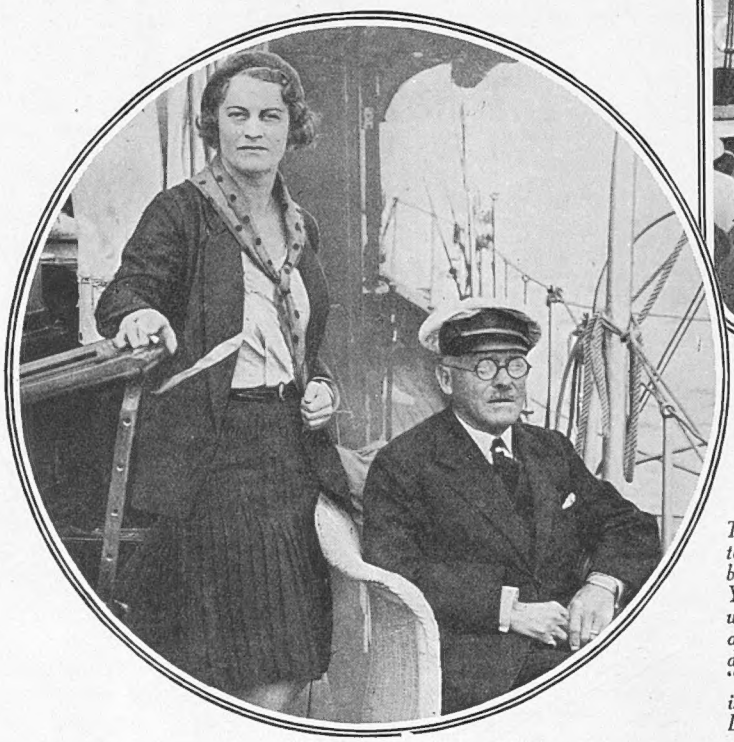
THE bravest man who ever sailed a yacht was a well-known brewer. Two years ago, in a certain reference book, he put down "Royal Yacht Squadron" as one of his clubs before he had been elected. The astonishing thing was that he was nevertheless elected. Perhaps nobody had seen the entry. Perhaps the fact that he was a brewer exonerated him. They are quite the most popular class at the Squadron. If you look down a list of the members you will see how true this is.

PYJAMA suits, like the ones you see at Antibes, made their first

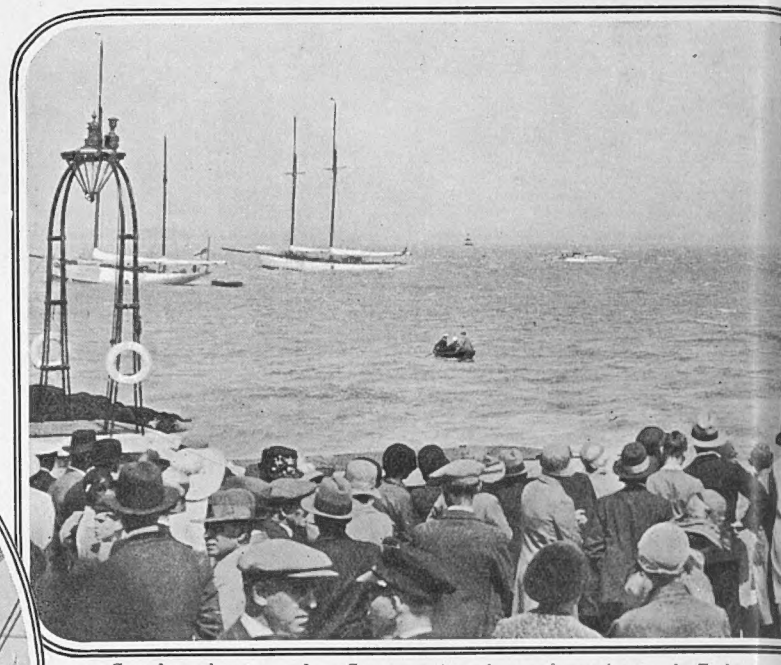
WITH THE CAMERA AT COWES

appearance at Cowes last week. So, too, did bowler hats. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was the first man who ever dared wear one. Now he has his imitators. But it takes courage to follow his example. It is, of course, even worse than wearing a tall hat at Goodwood. This has, however, been a truly Royal Cowes. The King, the Queen, the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice have all been there.

THE flight abroad has already begun. In the Ritz bar in Paris Kathleen Lady Drogheda and one of the Ward twins have been seen with large parties. Victor, of the ill-fated Chez Victor's, has been crowded every night. His place, Chez Florence, is a tremendous success. The Duke and Duchess of York both paid it a visit when they were in Paris recently. Lady Carisbrooke, Lady Louis Mountbatten, and the Hon. George Spencer and his young American wife have been other visitors.



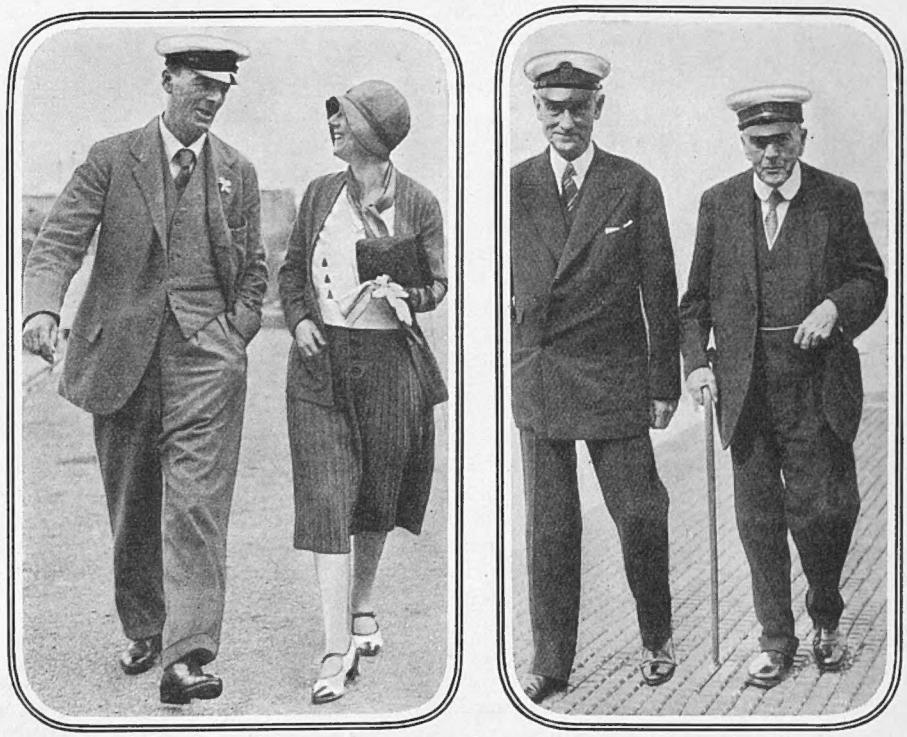
The Earl of Normanton, one of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, watching the racing at Cowes from the deck of his yacht, "Siren." With him is his third daughter, Lady Caroline Agar



Crowds on the promenade at Cowes watching the race for yachts in the Eight-metre Cup race proved very popular, coming, as it did, in the

ONE of the most interesting tables of statistics each year is the list of the cagnotte receipts of the various French casino towns. It was thus made apparent last week that though the Cannes winter casino topped the bill with 21 million francs, Nice, with its five casinos, took more than twice as much as the former. Altogether, the receipts amounted to 91 million francs, as opposed to the 107 million of the previous year. The latter,

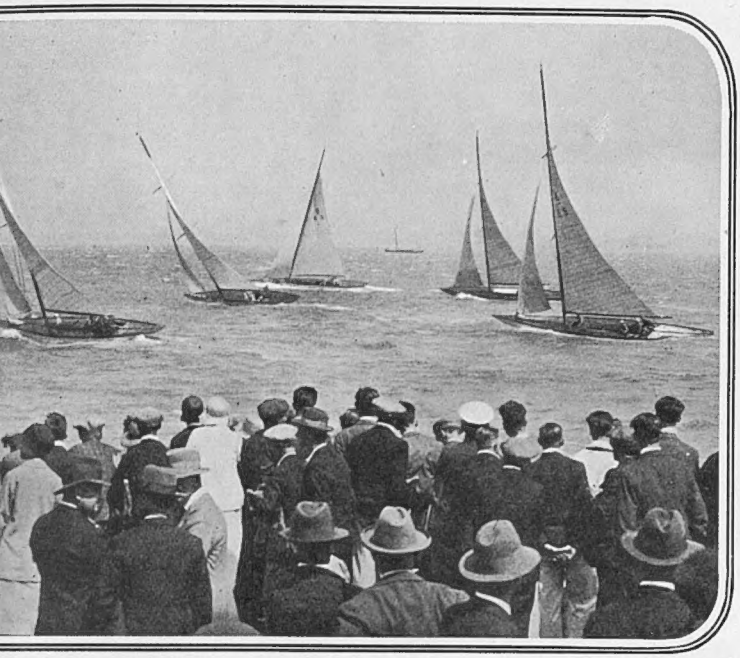
THE Cercle Haussmann, Paris's largest gambling club, is, alas, verboten to women. Many well-known male faces have been seen there recently, however, Albert de Courville among them. Another well-known was Comte Bon de St. Hilaire, the Chamberlain to Prince Louis of Orleans, who has since arrived in London. He is a great authority on such subjects as Voltaire and Japan. He is, also, a friend of Sir Julien Cahn, Lord Portarlington and many other Englishmen. He is going to give two lectures in England this autumn.



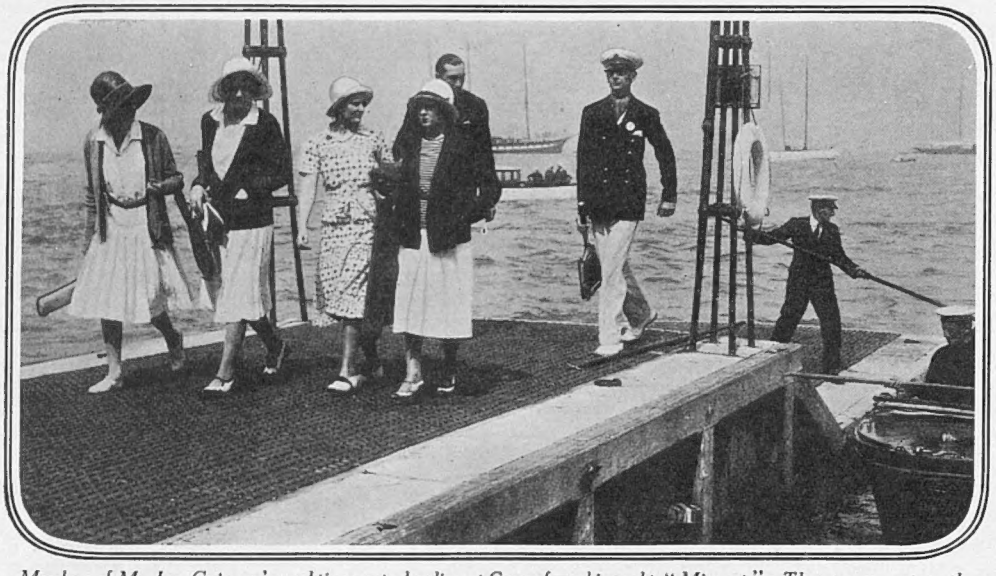
POPULAR FIGURES AT COWES

On the left are seen Major-General Sir John and Lady Seely, who are very well known on the Island, where they live, their home being Mottistone Manor. In the right-hand photograph are Lord Reading, whose wedding to Miss Stella Charnaud took place last Thursday, and the veteran Lord Inchcape

HOLIDAY-TIME IN FRANCE



ss about to start. The victory of Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock" in the King's t year of his election to the Royal Yacht Squadron



Members of Mr. Lee Guinness's yachting party landing at Cowes from his yacht, "Migrant." They are en route to the tennis courts in search of a little strenuous exercise

again, was a drop from 1928. Personally, I should be much interested to know how much Ostende took last year. I am prepared to make a wager that it was far more than Cannes, and possibly more than Nice.

S

DEAUVILLE'S season has started with, on the whole, excellent weather, and André has no reason to complain. The French are so rich now that the absence of the big American and South American gamblers is felt very little. You only need to spend two days in Paris to sense the air of prosperity which everybody wears. That 456 million pounds' worth of gold in the Banque de France has obviously got something to do with it.

S

AMONG the polo teams already formed at Deauville are those of the Marquis de Patago—one of the few Spaniards not gravely affected by the Republic, thanks to his American wife—Baron Robert de Rothschild, Comte du Bourg de Bozas and Prince Mdivani. Lady Louis Mountbatten having announced her intention of going to Monte Carlo with her family, I imagine that her husband will not again lead the Bluejackets out on to the pretty polo ground near the Deauville race-course.

S

MONTE CARLO has been further embellished during the past few days with a new summer casino on the beach. Among its appurtenances are the gadgets necessary for tying up motor boats and speed launches. There is also a roof garden, while the already existing swimming pool will make it possible for heated gamblers to leap into cool forgetfulness with the minimum of delay. The Grand Duke Dmitri and Sir Edward Rhodes are among the visitors.

S

THE most entertaining prospect at Monte Carlo, though, is the idea of a couple of big liners moored in the harbour as floating hotels. Some of the Monte Carlo hotels are undoubtedly on the warm side at this time of year. But there can be no danger of this in a 20,000-tonner.

S

NOT far away, at Juan-les-Pins, they have been holding a Charlie Chaplin night, with a prize for the best imitation of him. Charlie himself was staying at Fontainebleau and motoring over to see the Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes, so he was unable to parody the story of himself and be granted only twenty-second prize for imitating himself, as once happened in America. In any case, his brother Sydney was at

The élite of the Social World at the Gates of Paradise! A group on the lawns of that yachting holy of holies, the Royal Yacht Squadron, which is by far the most exclusive rendezvous in the world. Included are Major Sir Philip Hunloke, Lady Dorchester, Sir William Portal, Sir Godfrey Baring, the Bishop of Portsmouth, and Lord Dorchester

POLITICIANS IN THE COUNTRY

A COMING-OF-AGE

The Hon. Anne Wood, the daughter of Lord and Lady Irwin, recently celebrated her twenty-first birthday at their Yorkshire home, Garrowby Hall, Buckthorpe. She is seen with her two brothers and her father, who, now that he is free of Viceregal duties, can enjoy peace in England, where Mahatmas cease from troubling and salt-makers are at rest

the gala that night, so he could not have got away with it.

JUAN-LES-PINS, which Phillips Oppenheim has just left, is unbelievably full of American stars and impresarios, headed by Lee Shubert and Mrs. Sydney Chaplin. Princess Hélène Murat, Lady Lacon, Frank Jay Gould, and Raquel Meller and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Wolfe Kahn have been among the other visitors. Lord Donegall has also arrived there, to be followed by Captain Barnato and Mr. Dale Bourne.

CAPTAIN BARNATO has been staying at Le Touquet, which continues to be a home from home for English people who like chemin de fer and all the other gaieties of the Continent within twenty-four miles of Dover. Lord and Lady Chesham, Lord Portarlington, and the Hon. Reginald Fellowes are other English visitors there. Among the other visitors are Frank X. Shields, the lawn tennis star, his fiancée, Lyttleton Rogers, the huge Irish lawn tennis player, Cochet, Brugnon, Gentien, Boussus, Madame Mathieu, and Miss Elizabeth Ryan.

TENNIS is by no means the only pastime, though, at Le Touquet. Dinner parties occur every night. One of them was given by Princess Henri XXXIII of Reuss in honour of the American Ambassador to Poland. Mrs. Robert Sweeny has also been entertaining for her many golfing friends. The new golf course is now in admirable condition. It was a trifle young at Easter. But it now justifies all praise. The only question is whether it is not a little too difficult for the average casino golfer who has had only two or three hours' sleep.

TO revert to Paris, there is a murder case in the process of being held in which the defendant is Henri de Navarre, while the victim is Lucie de Champagne. It sounds more like a scene from the Lyceum, but, actually, the defendant claims descent from the man who ruled France in the Middle Ages. The lady in the case is presumed, however, to have taken her title as a nom de guerre.

RECENTLY staying in Paris, at the Hôtel Astor, has been Lord Cromer. His visits to Paris are few and far between. Sir Gerard Fuller, on honeymoon with his recently married wife, Lady Fiona Pratt, also

Sir Robert Horne, undeterred by the financial and Indian situation, enjoys himself at a side-show at the Conservative Fête held at Woolley Park, Yorkshire. Perhaps he visualised the Aunt Sally as Mr Snowden

Sir Austen Chamberlain and h their holiday in Aberdeenshire, th trying to discover how the "Ga were still able to remain so unde

COMEDIANS ON HOLIDAY

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has returned from Russia bubbling with enthusiam over the principle and practice of Communism, which he finds an absolute delight. With his usual dislike for publicity, he is seen above running away from the student snapshotters at the I.L.P. Summer School at Welwyn, where he delivered a speech lauding the principles of Dictatorship to the skies, and prophesied that it is wha! we shall have to come to

SIR HARRY LAUDER BANGS A WHOLE BOB!

An even greater comedian than the one seen above, who recently celebrated his sixty-first birthday, lets himself go with a bang—so to speak—and invests a shilling in an estimating competition held at Bournemouth in aid of local hospitals. He later carried on the good work by selling tickets to holiday-makers

ughter, Diane, setting out for a walk during rdon stronghold. Perhaps Sir Austen was rdons" ever managed to get gay! and if they conditions now existing in these isles

stayed at the Astor on their way through to the South of France. The Astor was also chosen by Fred and Adèle Astaire on their last visit to Paris.

S

DURING his recent speech in praise of Communism in Russia, Comrade George Bernard Shaw was at great pains to point out that it is exceedingly difficult for Russians to believe that we are so stupid as we really are. He need not despair of convincing them, however; a striking proof of his assertion is right at hand. He need only draw the attention of his good friends of the U.S.S.R. to the fact that this country is filled with people who have a profound respect and appreciation of the works of a dramatist whose initials are G. B. S.

RACING HINTS *by "Old Orkney"*

CASSEROLE failed only by a neck and a head over six furlongs at Birmingham. Was unlucky, being compelled to change his position twice during the race. Was joint favourite with the winner at the exceptionally long odds of 7 to 1. Followers of market movements followed the lead of the "blower" money for the horse.

FLYING FRIAR carried some liberal wagers at Brighton. After experiencing bad luck was beaten by a neck. Received a slight bump and got unbalanced. Follow with confidence over six furlongs.

FALLOW CHAT displayed great speed at the finish of an exciting race at Goodwood. Others were quicker into their stride at the start. Was well backed with confidence and losses will be recovered.

BABA is the type of horse to run away with a race on a sharp course. Lost ground after a very speedy beginning at Birmingham. Many professionals dropped money.

COPRA ran a real good race at Birmingham but was up against a very smart plater in Razmak. Will pay to follow.

GUARDS' OFFICER would probably have won at Alexandra Park if he had got away with the others. Ran well to finish third over a mile 150 yards.

A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT

THE engagement of Lady May Cambridge, the daughter of the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Capt. Henry Abel Smith of the Royal Horse Guards, which was made known last week, had its beginnings during the years from 1923 to 1931, when her father was Governor-General of South Africa. Capt. Abel Smith, when still a lieutenant, served as A.D.C. to the Earl, and not unnaturally the two young people saw a great deal of each other. They both have the same liking for outdoor sports, and are both keen riders.

The Duchess of York, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, recently visited the fourth and fifth battalions when they were in camp at Wathgill, in North Yorkshire, seen with the senior officers of the two battalions. It is the soldier who, in the long run, always has to pull the country out of the mess into which our politicians get us

LADY MAY is at present with her parents in Holland, a country she often visits to see her great-aunt, the Queen-Mother of the Netherlands, who is devoted to her, and the news of the engagement became public property only the day before she left England. Her fiancé, who is most popular in polo and hunting circles, is thirty-two years of age, and is the son of Mrs. Francis Abel Smith, of Prince's Gate, Kensington, and Beau Manor, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

AND so, after seventy years, *The Saturday Review* has ceased to exist as a separate entity, and is now absorbed by the still more elderly *Spectator*. I regret the passing of this paper, to which some of the most famous names in literature and politics have contributed in the past. It was, perhaps, at its liveliest when Frank Harris was the Editor, and when Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm, and H. G. Wells, among others, helped to add to the gaiety of the nation. They hit hard in those days, and attacks and counter-attacks week by week were carried out with unfailing spirit in the columns of the paper, with the lawyers seldom troubled.

MR. GEORGE PINKARD, a photograph of whose wife appears in a group on page 358, was proprietor of the *Saturday Review*. He is Lord of the Manor of Witley, and when Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister in 1911 presented to the Government 450 acres of grassland with cottages, stabling, and other buildings, valued at £20,000. Ever since that date it has been known as the Pinkard Remount Department, and 150 horses, on the average, have been stabled there since then, and the owner has made himself responsible for many minor repairs.

IT is, unfortunately, not unusual for citizens who have given service to the State to receive but little thanks for their patriotism. Most of us will remember the treatment meted out to Sir Michael O'Dwyer, to take an Army case, who was broken on the wheel only because he did his duty. The civilian cannot be so broken, except by grinding taxation, but it shows that there is something rotten in the state of Britain when only the most grudging of thanks is doled out to those who deserve well of their country; while the time-servers, the hangers-on, and the "faithful party hacks" are given titles and emoluments for services which may be useful to a party, but are of no material benefit to the State.

I AM not often glad to be misinformed by a correspondent, but in this case it gives me pleasure to contradict a paragraph published last week relative to the health of Mr. Bertram Mills. It is good news to hear that he has not had a relapse. He was well enough to come to London from Carlsbad to attend the wedding of his son Bernard, and has now returned to the Continent, not to complete a cure, but to complete contracts with certain artists, and from there goes to America for the same purpose, so we may look forward to his famous circus at Olympia being well up to standard next year under his own personal direction.

REVERTING to Le Touquet, it is evident that modern construction saved the Picardy Hotel, which is one of the newest and biggest on the Continent, from complete gutting in the fire which occurred there last week. Reinforced concrete and a steel framework saved anything in the nature of a collapse, as is obvious from the fact that the business of the hotel has not been interfered with and luncheon was served as usual next day.

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW BI-CENTENARY

There was never yet a true Irishman who did not love horseflesh, and in Ireland, at any rate, the horse has by no means had his day. The Royal Dublin Horse Show, which drew larger crowds than ever to its Bi-centenary meeting, afforded ample proof that its popularity is by no means waning with the passing of the years

A picturesque view of the Hunters in the judging ring at the Royal Dublin Society Horse Show. Balls Bridge affords an ideal setting for this event, and it would be hard to find a more pleasing site than that in which the Bi-centenary Show was held

Above: Miss M. V. Sinclair, Miss Olive Plunket, Lord Milton and Mr. W. Peacock arriving at the Show. Lord Milton, who is the only son and heir of Earl Fitzwilliam, is a Lieutenant in the Royal Scots Greys on the Supplementary Reserve of Officers

Left: The Countess van Cuspen and Lord Powerscourt discuss matters equine at the Dublin Horse Show. The latter's seat, Powerscourt Castle, is at Enniskerry, in Co. Wicklow

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall awaiting her turn in the judging ring She is chatting with the famous Polo International, Major Maurice Kingscote

LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE

Whose engagement to Capt. Henry Abel Smith, of the Royal Horse Guards, was announced last week. The only child of the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, she is a niece of the Queen and a great-niece of the Queen-Mother of the Netherlands

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR, owe-double-owe-nine-three. . . . Baa? My dear, fancy finding you in London. . . . Oh, just passing through. . . . Everyone says that. . . . Did you enjoy Cowes? . . . Of course, Caroline Agar looked nice. . . . She is always so neat . . . and so is Dolly Warrender. Did she have her two small sons with her? . . . Yes . . . and they have the most delightful manners. . . . I was so upset to hear that poor Millie Hulton had been hurt in her motor boat. . . . She is such a dear, and it must have been a great shock. . . . Who looked the prettiest person there? . . . Oonagh Kindersley. . . . Her new deep sunburn must have been most appropriate. What a lot of people are choosing the far North for their holidays. . . . Harriet Roper-Curzon has just returned from Iceland . . . and Constance Westminster is taking a party in her yacht, Zara, to Norway. . . . Gladys McGrath and her husband are going with her . . . for they are great friends. I hear the weather in Norway is wonderful this year . . . and, of course, yachting in the calm fjords is a perfect holiday.

* * *

I'VE just had a lovely present from Paris . . . one of the latest fans. . . . It is of pale mauve quills with an amethyst jewelled handle. . . . You can get these fans in every colour with semi-precious stones to match. . . . Where do you think I went for the week-end, Baa? You will laugh . . . to Brighton . . . but I found I was in very good company. . . . Prince Paul of Greece and charming Princess Irene were there . . . and Mary Gosling, who was looking very well . . . and in the distance I saw Campbell Watson in his electric chair. . . . You will remember his brother . . . always known as "Chumpy" . . . who died last year . . . the most cheery sailor I have ever known . . . which is saying a lot.

* * *

CAMPBELL WATSON has a charming house in Cheshire . . . but he prefers to travel for most of the year. . . . Brighton is really great fun, and you would be surprised if I told you who I saw on the pier . . . wasting pennies in the slot-machines . . . with a very lovely ash-blonde, too. . . .

* * *

THE short, white coats we wore this season with our black dresses have given place to coloured ones. . . . I met Dorothy Dickson back from the South of France . . . looking deliciously brown and wearing a black dress, gloves, and hat with a short, crimson silk coat. . . . It was most effective and chic. . . . Gladys Jessel wears the longest daytime earrings I have ever seen. They have huge pear-shaped pearls at the end of diamond links. . . .

* * *

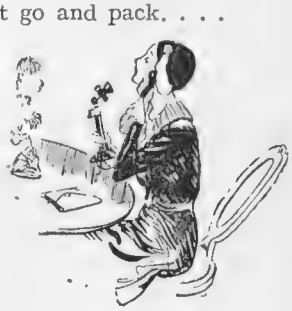
THE LIZARD . . . the Cunningham-Reids' speed boat, is still the smartest at Antibes . . . although Sylvia Wills's is a good runner-up. . . . Betty Feilden has been staying with the former couple . . . and is, I hear, quite recovered from the terrible hunting accident which broke her leg. . . . Betty is always beautifully dressed, and, needless to say, her beach pyjamas are no exception to her general rule. . . . Zara Deuchar dared some backless ones at North Berwick . . . which caused the elevation of several dour Scotch eyebrows . . . but the ones Ursula Jeans wears in *Apron Strings* made me green with envy. . . . Billie and Dick Scarsdale are at Kedlestone. . . . Dick has improved the interior of the house tremendously. . . . You remember that the Marquess Curzon did not have time to finish his plans before his death. . . . The gardens are lovely this time of year . . . and bathing in the lake is enjoyed not only by Billie and Dick . . . but also by their three small daughters. . . .

* * *

TALKING of adorable small girls, I caught a fleeting glimpse of Lady Horne's two grandchildren with their charming mother, Kitten Hewson . . . who is just back from China . . . where her husband is stationed with his regiment. . . . The elder has the unusual name of Maive . . . and is very fair . . . while the younger resembles her mother. . . . Lady Horne is in Caithness for the shooting season. Have you got your tweeds ready, Baa? Jean Massereene and Ferrard has such smart ones. . . . I shall want to hear all the latest news from the North next week. . . .

* * *

DARLING, I must go and pack. . . . No, not hiking . . very nearly the same thing—a Baby Austin! . . . Well . . . you take the high road . . . and I'll take one with a bit of room on it. . . . Bon voyage! . . .



BY STARR WOOD

"A couple of stockbrokers, your Majesty!"
"Oh, well, be as lenient as you can—their business has been here for months"

AT THE PLAY

WHY NOT "TAKE A CHANCE" WITH

"Take a Chance," at the Whitehall Theatre

SKETCHES OF "TAKE A CHANCE," AT THE WHITEHALL THEATRE. BY H. H. HARRIS

THE critics, with one or two exceptions, have slated Mr. Walter Hackett's new play, *Take a Chance*, at the Whitehall Theatre, with a unanimity which is simply wonderful. Why such a light entertainment should have been so heavily sledge-hammered I am at a complete loss to understand.

Wilhelmina Ryde (Marion Lorne) supported by Alastair Pallavant (Hugh Wakefield) goes amusingly through all the old "hoops" in her own inimitable way, while the rest of the company (reading from left to right), Ruth Taylor, Ian Hunter, Barbara Hoffe, Francis Lister and Anthony Holles, have very small parts

Take a Chance has been called a bad play. That may be so, but I have disliked many a good play infinitely more. In fact, my taste is so rotten that I thoroughly enjoyed *Take a Chance*, which, though it may be a bad play, is good entertainment.

FOR Mr. Walter Hackett has done what he intended to do, and that is to provide a good part for Marion Lorne. It is true that in doing so he has rather wasted the talents of a first-rate cast, including Charles Quartermaine, Francis Lister, and Barbara Hoffe, but *I* can forgive him for this, even though *they* may feel somewhat aggrieved.

Wilhelmina Ryde (Marion Lorne), in order to prev of the trouble is indica

MARION LORNE always delights me. In this play she is reminiscent of the White Knight of Lewis—not Sidney—Carrol. Her futile inventions, which never work properly, and her joy when they almost fulfil their purpose may be somewhat childish, but this is in keeping with the character, and when, as usual in Hackett plays, she finds herself immersed in business into which she is all unwittingly dragged, her true comic sense can be enjoyed by everyone but the most blasé.

THIS play about a garage proprietrix who draws the favourite in the Irish Sweep, learns that it may be scratched for the reason that the owner's wife is having an affair with a man who, hard up, has put someone else's shirt on it, and who, finally, makes a packet out of the race, more by luck than judgment, is, to my mind, funny.

WALTER HACKETT? — By Vernon Woodhouse

he private detective, Alastair Pallavant (Hugh Wakefield) from pursuing a runaway couple, places glue upon a chair where the detective afterwards sits. The seat bove by the artist, who also shows the old crock of a car which Wilhelmina later on manages to bump up to a most incredible speed

FINALLY, let me add that Hugh Wakefield, as a private detective, plays up to Marion Lorne in first-rate style, and gives a touch of character to the detective which I did not suspect he could impart. But why does this actor always wear an eyeglass? Surely a detective should be lynx-eyed in both optics.

"Florodora," at Daly's

IN this revival chief honours go to the late Leslie Stuart, the composer, It is really delightful to listen once again to this musician's melodious memories, and I can imagine paterfamilias paraphrasing a famous shout from the gallery and saying to his offspring brought up on jazz, "Wheer's your syncopation noo?"

It is of historical interest, also, to note that after a lapse of over thirty years there has been no change in the plots of musical comedies, and that at the end of Act I the misunderstanding between hero and heroine was used in 1899 as it still is in 1931.

WHERE one does detect a difference is that the present cast cannot compare with the original except in one instance. George Graves, who plays the part of Professor Tweedlepunch, the phrenologist, relies less upon the author, Owen Hall, than Willie Edouin, who played the part, and interpolates pretty constantly japes of his own manufacture which cause infinitely more amusement than if he had stuck closely to the original text. That in doing so he knocks out of their stride other members of the company is purely a matter for argument between him and them.

I HAVE said that this cast, except in one instance, cannot compare with the original, and in a way this is true, but though Dorothy Ward in the part played by Ada Reeve gives a totally different performance, yet in her own way her acting of Lady Holyrood is full of good points.

DUDLEY ROLPH, too, who reminds me of a young Dion Calthrop, whether singing, dancing or acting, is a big success, but there is precious little Spanish in the performance of Violet Code as Dolores, while Lorna Hubbard, who plays the soubrette, is almost too arch, and the hero, Geoffrey Davies, though he sings well, is somewhat devoid of personality.

STILL, even with some rather square pegs all placed in perfectly round holes, *Florodora* is well worth seeing, and if you don't leave the theatre humming the famous number, "Tell me, pretty maiden," given by "small part ladies and gentlemen," I shall be surprised.

ON the first night at the conclusion the classic but portly form of Mr. Bannister Howard, who is responsible for these revivals, appeared on the stage and spoke a big mouthful, but I understand that this treat will not be extended to every audience during the run of the piece. So book early for the first night revival of *A Country Girl*, which is next on the list, and hope for the best.

"The Hour Glass," at the Victoria Palace

NO programme was available on the first night of this revue, but none was required to recognise Rebla, whose juggling is as neat and as funny as ever. Some people may enjoy the humour of a pair called, I believe, York and King, who hail from America. The revue appears to be written round them, and it is only fair to add that many in the audience found their slap-stick antics amusing. Personally, whenever they were on the stage, I felt I bore a slight grudge against Columbus.

V. W.

HAMBLEDON'S CRICKET OF YORE

CRICKET has lately been attacked with virulence by Mr. Glyn Roberts, the author, who said the game was full of talk, fooling, procrastination, palaver, donning of pads, doffing of blazers, appeals against the light and intervals for tea, an attack which caused Mr. M. D. Lyon's fountain pen to foam at the nib with rage when dragging in Lawn Tennis to solidify his defence

The umpire fixes the bail on the two-stump wicket of the type used in 1750. Its chief asset was that no disgruntled batsman could be clean bowled middle stump

The scorers were kept busy during the match cutting notches in a length of wood to mark the runs. This slow method of marking the scores may be the reason why so many modern cricketers seem afraid to hit the bowling

The opening pair of the Hambledon team on their way to the wicket. Our ancestors were apparently hardier than the cricketers of to-day, for pads and gloves are conspicuous by their absence

Some of the team taking the field in the costumes worn when that dreary and depressing game, cricket, was first introduced to the long-suffering and unsuspecting public. To save endless correspondence, cricket enthusiasts are requested not to take the foregoing too seriously

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY

A SERIES BY NORMAN HILLSON

I—THE FIRST-NIGHT AUDIENCE

DECORATIONS BY AUBREY HAMMOND

I RECOLLECT once seeing a very admirable cartoon by Tom Titt devoted to the first-night audience. It included a very harsh interpretation of the features of the late Mr. S. B. Joel. It also took in a selection of the better-known dramatic critics, including those who dress for effect and those who dress normally.

Mr. Gordon Selfridge sat, all smiles, in the front rank. Sir Percy Simmons, with his head on one side as if someone was going to speak to him any minute, was expectant at the back. Poor Ned Lathom raised his head above the rest of the audience. There were managers whom you never see outside their own board rooms. There were other managers who hardly ever emerge from the room above the Café Anglais devoted to the Stage Golfing Society. I originally thought Tom Titt had chosen his first-night audience very carelessly. That he had put into his picture all the theatrical celebrities he could remember off-hand. He was right.

There is really no such thing as a regular first-night audience.

"Self-mortification and gradual martyrdom"

AND I will tell you why, first having explained that one of the chief attractions of a first night in London is that you get your programmes free, gratis and for nothing.

The first-night audience in London depends on the kind of play. So far as my observation goes there are only about fifteen men and women—in the stalls and dress circle—who go to every play which is produced, whether it is a syncopated quick-fire musical show at the Gaiety or a comedy of subdued manners at the Haymarket, an incursion into semi-barbarism at the Gate, or a visit to the precious at the Arts. These fifteen men and women live a life of self-mortification and gradual martyrdom. I could not wish my worst friend more grievous mental injury than to be compelled to witness every new dramatic performance in the West End of London.

APART from these heroic and incomprehensible fifteen stalwarts, the first-night audiences vary as the flowers of a badly chosen herbaceous border. The premières of George Bernard Shaw bring visitors from the remoter parts of Chelsea and Bloomsbury who are never seen in the theatre on any other occasion. You can be certain of finding any number of people with titles at a first night at the Cambridge Theatre.

The stalls of the London Pavilion are generally filled with the expressionless, but very carefully tended, faces which ordinarily adorn the pale plush benches of the Embassy when C. B. Cochran presents his annual revue. A generous sprinkling of popular novelists are there to bid god-speed to any new play by Somerset Maugham. A most odd collection of very well-dressed people are in the theatre to applaud the advent of the latest Noelisms when Coward writes a play. Robust men who know something about laughter wait for Jack Buchanan. The kind of people who have never missed a Tom Walls first night are at the Aldwych when there is a Tom Walls first night. The first-night audience at the Haymarket never varies, because the tradition still survives that the Haymarket management pursues that ignis-fatuus of the theatre—a definite policy.

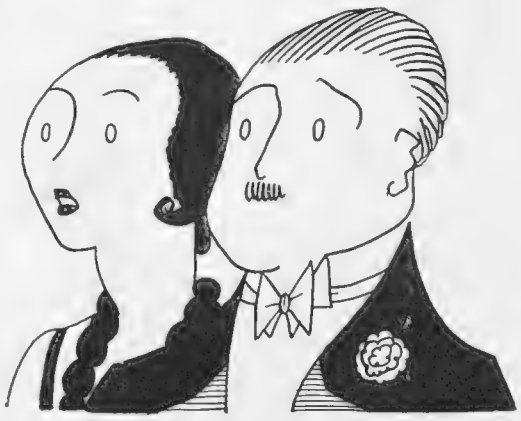
Sasha

NORMAN HILLSON

Who this week starts a series of articles on the theatre, is the well-known journalist and author who has written a number of books on Art and kindred subjects

A first-night audience at the Lyceum is very like the audience of the hundredth night. The familiar faces are lost in a welter of most unfamiliar ones. There is an air of old-world officialdom at the Lane, and of earnestness at any theatre under the ægis of Leon M. Lion.

SOMETIMES a play is almost forgotten by the people who love drama even on a first night. It is a popular illusion that at least there is one good house in the run of a play—the first one. This is by no means the case. I have often been at a first night with two or three rows of stalls guiltily vacant behind me. I suppose this is due to



"Expressionless, but very carefully tended, faces"

a certain snobbery. If a play is put on by an obscure management, without stars, then filling the theatre on the first night becomes a job. There are not enough deadheads to go round.

But put on a play by a popular author with a star or two sprinkled down the dramatis personæ and the box-office telephone tinkles well in advance. Some managements have taken advantage of this to double and treble the price of their stalls. It does not always work out. For instance, on the first night of the last ill-fated Cochran revue, I fancy that some members of the audience would have been less ungenerous in their criticism if they had not been conscious of the amount they had to pay for their seats.

"Robust men who know something about laughter"

The first-night audiences for the various kinds of plays and the various kinds of theatres remain very faithful. Certain newcomers to management—the kind who are always advocating free programmes and cloakrooms because they think they can compete with the talkies that way—have all taken up the attitude of opening the box-office to all comers on a first night, on the principle of first come, first served. First nighters of long experience and endurance have been turned away in the flood of people who rush to the box-office to book for a first night because they think going to a first night is better than going to a tenth night. The result has been a very unfriendly audience which forgot to clap at the end.

Now such strange happenings are very rare in London. A first-night audience is expected to be friendly. It must applaud at the end, even if the play has been dire. If the gallery boos the luckless author, when he comes on, it is the duty of the stalls to call on him to make an appearance. Nearly all the sensible authors keep clear of a theatre when their plays are produced. And when they stutter a few words of thanks to all concerned they generally look supremely ridiculous. The old story of "The author is not in the house" was not invented for nothing. Not everyone has the courage of Edgar Wallace, who can sit in the most prominent box of Wyndham's and give the queue to the rest of the audience when to laugh.

And, when all is said and done, you do not see the best performance at a first night. In almost every case something goes wrong with the production or the scenery, which, to a sensitive playgoer, is a matter for embarrassment rather than amusement. The actors and actresses invariably suffer from nerves. The most hardened are affected by jumpiness when they start off a new play. Cecil Humphreys, an actor of long experience, told me a few days ago that he was always nervous on a first night, even if he knew instinctively he was in a good play. And he is like all the others. It is a human quality which can be understood and pardoned. In addition to this, the audience of a smart first-night show how smart they are by arriving late—an event which is not calculated to increase the enjoyment of those who are foolish enough to get to their seats in time. It takes a company several performances to get into its stride.

Try-outs in the country were devised for that reason, but fail in their purpose because no actor thinks his part begins until he makes his bow in Shaftesbury Avenue or the Strand. On the first night of *The Good Companions* at His Majesty's the stage hands and electricians had not absolutely familiarised themselves with the scenery and the company was suffering from nerves. Even so, the performance went with a swing. On the fourth night, when I looked into the theatre, it was like watching a new play. Everything went with such a confidence and speed it was almost impossible to believe.

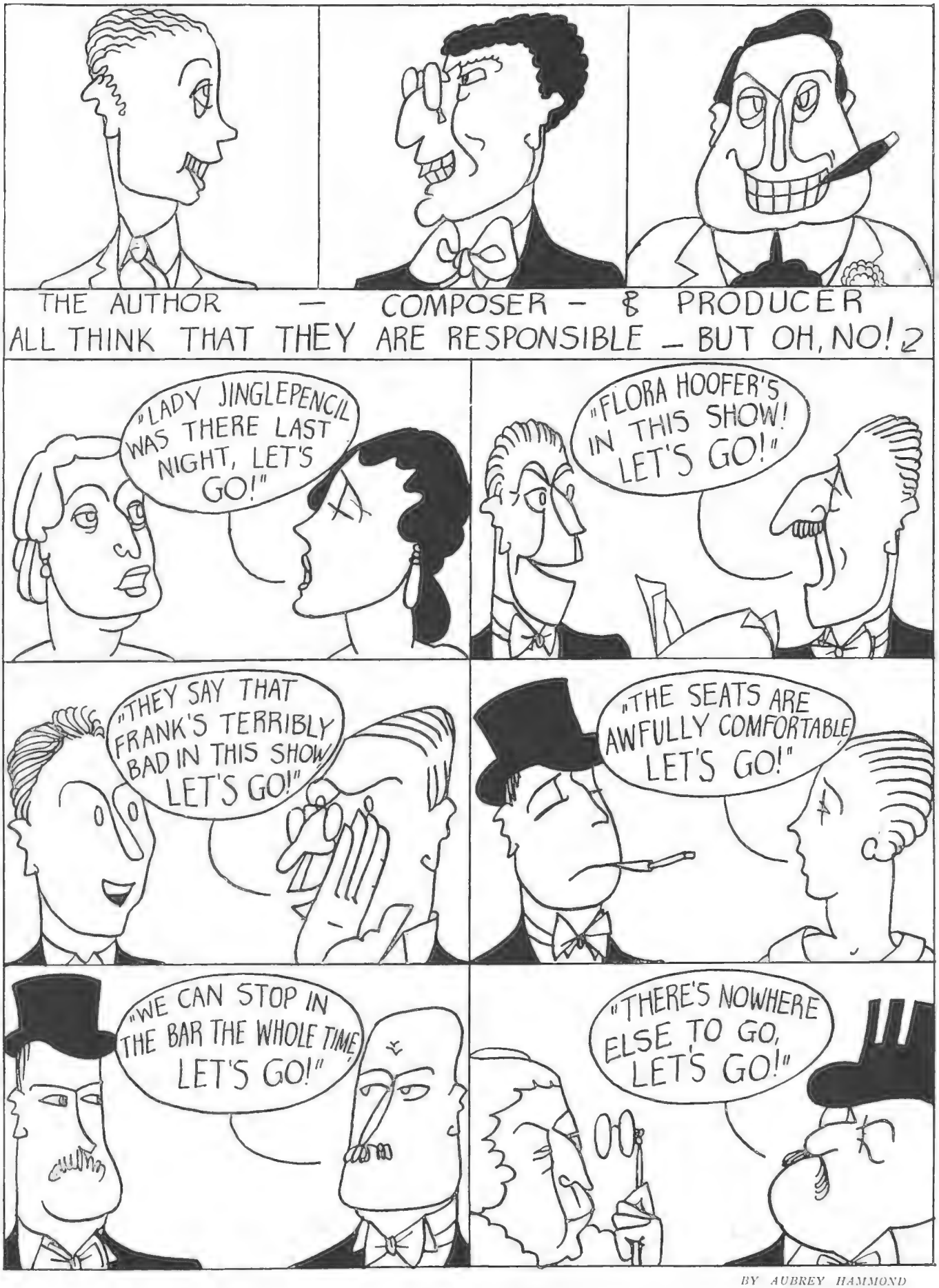
The first-night audience is usually very friendly. Their judgment is no criterion of a play's success or failure. It would be quite a harmless gathering of people if it was composed entirely of playgoers who wanted everything to go well. But just as into every flock of sheep there stray a few goats, so the first-night audience would be immaculate if it were not for a certain group of people who are known as the "knockers." If you want to see these strange beings you have only to step down to the grill-room of a well-known restaurant in the Strand at supper time after a first night.

"People who are known as 'knockers'"

They are busy telling their friends—also "knockers"—how bad everything was. Ten minutes previously you could have heard them saying how too marvellous it all was. That is in the vestibule of the theatre, where managerial ears might be listening. The true "knocker" never "knocks" while he is in the theatre. He waits until he sits down to supper. Then you hear what he thinks is the truth about the show.

For complete and unabashed insincerity commend me to the "knockers." They are a race apart. They go to a first night hoping the worst. And if the show happens to be first rate, they become dyspeptic. They cannot eat their suppers.

N. H.



BY AUBREY HAMMOND

THE SECRETS OF A SUCCESSFUL SHOW

if Sossip we must—

Dorothy Wilding

MARY GREW

Who plays one of the leading parts in "The Life Machine," produced last week at the Garrick Theatre, after a preliminary run at the Arts Theatre. Even the fact that it was boldly advertised as being "For Adults Only" failed to make it one of the season's successes

THERE used to be a rather naughty little story about some zoological specimen which, from a certain lofty eminence, surveyed its baffled pursuers. I am irresistibly reminded of this whenever I read the outpourings in *Time and Tide* of Mr. St. John Ervine. From the lofty eminence of that journal, and the authorship of a play which enjoyed a long run, Mr. Ervine looks down on most things, including THE BYSTANDER. Having found Mr. George Jean Nathan's opinions of the British theatre "acute and lively" (which is, in itself, a sufficient indication of his standard of perception), he decides that we are "full of vapid paragraphs and vapider photographs of vapid people vapidly amusing themselves."

ALTHOUGH not in the least baffled, I will venture to pursue Mr. Ervine on this point, even at the risk of laying myself at last open to the charge of writing a paragraph about a vapid person. This assiduous writer falls into the common error of supposing that people and things in which he is not interested interest nobody else. He calls us a "twitter-twitter" paper. That was intended to be offensive. But the whole point at issue is not whether one "twitter-twitters," but what one "twitter-twitters" about. Mr. Ervine occupies most of his columns in twitter-twittering about himself. Nowhere is there so plentiful a bespattering of "I," "me," and "myself." Elsewhere in the article in question he twitters about a Mr. Canfield, of Harper and Bros., an anonymous Oxford don, Mr. Beverley Nichols, and a bunch of novelists. This is accompanied by his familiar attack on Lord Beaverbrook and the *Daily Express*, on the staff of which he once worked, which robs his diatribe of any semblance of judicial impartiality. In order to strengthen this little venture we have the statement that "*The Daily Express* and *The Daily Mail* have precisely no influence at all," with Hannen Swaffer alluded to—O rare and subtle touch of wit!—as "Miss Hannah Swaffer."

IF this is not twittering of a peculiarly vapid type I do not know what else to call it. If THE BYSTANDER chooses instead to write about the King, statesmen (good and bad), actors and actresses (some of whom have helped to earn a good deal of money for Mr. Ervine), and sundry other folk whose only sin in

THE AGE OF REVIVALS

Marjery Wyn as Prudence in Sir Oswald Stoll's revival of the famous musical comedy, "The Quaker Girl," with Lionel Monckton's music, which opened at the Chiswick Empire last week after a very successful provincial tour. Miss Wyn was the leading lady in "The Lady of the Rose" at Daly's

William Davis

THE AGE OF REVIVALS

"Madame Pompadour" is another popular musical play to be revived, and is being played for a season at theatres around London. Above are seen Evelyn Laye and Donald Mather who play the leading parts

NO RETREAT!

Dr. Charles Vaughan Craster has come over from America to conduct an Anti-Kissing Crusade on the grounds that kissing is dangerous and unhygienic.

DEAR ladies, though a stolen kiss
May sometimes bring you joy and bliss
If you would shun a horrid fate
You really must not osculate
And when some man breathes in your ear
"Just one for luck, I beg you, dear,"
If you are anxious to be wise,
Of course you will not close your eyes
To all the dangers that you face,
When lips meet lips in hot embrace.

Ten million microbes, more or less,
May cause you most acute distress,
And goodness knows what illness may
Be started on the fateful day.
You weaken and allow your lips
To make those unhygienic slips,
Which Dr. Craster, bless his heart,
Regards as being bound to start
A lot of complications dire,
Which even might make you expire!

But women of the British race,
Whenever they are called to face
Grim danger never, never flinch,
Their pride won't let them budge an inch.
And so, dear ladies, when they state
The risk of kissing men is great,
Just play your part and say, "Although
"The danger's very big, I know,
"We aren't the sort to run away,
"Get busy, men, don't wait all day!"

B. W.

Mr. Ervine's eyes seems to be that they know who their ancestors were or have a bit of money, or even both, I consider it a good choice. I see no harm whatever in the publication of photographs of pretty women enjoying themselves—or of any people, male or female, plain or handsome, enjoying themselves.

S

BUT we do not deal only with such matters, as Mr. Ervine would have discovered had he read the paper which he has attacked, obviously without reading it. All learning and knowledge and opinions that count are not the exclusive property of certain pretentiously high-brow reviews and of the narrow and self-centred people who form the bulk of their contributors. In short, THE BYSTANDER has nothing whatever for which to apologise—unless for having on this occasion strayed from its sensible habit of not dealing at any length with people of little or no importance. But here was an opportunity of stating a policy, and Mr. St. John Ervine serves, at any rate, as a peg.

BY J. GREENALL

"Excuse me, but aren't you Mrs. Brown?"
"No. But I could have been!"

S

THE excitement of the international financial discussions may have quietened down for the moment, but at home there is no little cause for anxiety. It is finance that will hasten the political issue, and, however much ignorant people may deprecate bank rule, there is no doubt that with the banks rests the power to precipitate a General Election. From an influential banker

MARIE BURKE

Who is appearing in Hassard Short's production of "Waltzes from Vienna," at the Alhambra. She takes the part of Countess Olga Baranskaja

himself I have the assurance that the banks will refuse—indeed, they will be unable—to finance the Government on the present lines. Some reform in the matter, not only of the dole, but of general expenditure, must be put in hand, and at once. If not (and I do not think there is the remotest prospect of it), the banks will do as they did in Australia, and the Government will fall. That means that Mr. Baldwin will be sent for, and will attempt to surround himself with his own gang. It is not likely that that arrangement will be acceptable; so a National, or Coalition, Government will come, with Mr. Stanley Baldwin at its head.

I said a few weeks ago that, although I detest coalitions, the dole question would probably have to be solved by one, since no single party would have the temerity, or even the common honesty, to risk the unpopularity which would result from drastic economy on this point.

But a coalition with Mr. Baldwin at the head of it would be more than ever a danger. He is not the man to lead a National Government at this time of crisis, because he is not sufficiently national. This is not casting any aspersions on his patriotism, which is real and sincere. But it is ideal rather than practical. And in certain subjects—India being one of them—he is tender and sentimental and compromising to the verge of unsoundness.

Talking of India, the approach of Gandhi will entail a vast amount of fuss, and the same type of hot air will be talked over "the great soul" that Bernard Shaw has been talking over Russia. He may need that hot air, for he will find England a trifle chilly, if, indeed, he survives a journey in a loin cloth through the Bay of Biscay when the equinoctial gales are at their height. Probably, however, Mr. Gandhi will prefer to come overland from Marseilles, and he will be very foolish if he leaves that warm and comfortable spot. I trust he may be persuaded to find some quiet little village out on the Corniche Road and indulge in sun-bathing, which would keep him out of mischief. But I am not optimistic.

"That play made me think"
"Yes, a most extraordinary play!"

By Hynes

I was in Marseilles a short time ago for a few nights. In the Vieux Port, and overlooking the famous Canebière, were two armed American vessels, the Sebago and the Mendota, which disgorged American sailors into the town o' nights to make things busy in sundry places where they dance and so forth.

Now, these vessels do not belong to the American Navy, but to the American Coastguard Service. The point is that into the question of naval reductions they do not enter at all; you will find no mention of them in any tables of the existing strength of the American, the British, and other navies of the world, about the respective size of which we are all so anxious nowadays. Yet here is an auxiliary fleet in perfect training, which America has up her sleeve, as it were. She can, and does, swell her coastguard service to an enormous size and a high degree of efficiency, without any relation to possible restrictions in her Navy. In short, she has two navies, for these coastguard vessels are of a considerable size, and heavily armed.

Great Britain continues to whittle down her Navy below the danger point—and it is her *only* Navy. We have no coastguard vessels at all. We have not even any coastguards, with the result that smuggling to a considerable degree neutralises what feeble attempts at a tariff we happen to possess.

What, by the way, are American coastguard vessels doing off the coast of France? I should imagine that the essence of a coastguard service should be to live up to its name and to guard the coasts of the country which owns it, and not to cruise about with much display, gun-firing, and flag-wagging, 3,000 miles away.

A friend who lives in a block of flats tells me that late one evening, after he had gone to bed, he was aroused by the violent

ART, NATURE AND ALL THAT!

Mr. Robert Gibbings, who designs and illustrates books published by the Golden Cockerel Press at Waltham St. Lawrence, affects a costume which is more scanty than conventional whilst at work on a bust in his garden. His twin sons, seen on the right, have gone farther back to Nature even than pappa, for their garments are conspicuous by their absence

ringing of his bell. On going down to see what was wanted, he heard bells in all the other flats being rung, followed by a pounding on the front door. The creator of the disturbance was a taxi-man, who, on being remonstrated with, was extremely offensive and tried to excuse his conduct by saying that he had been underpaid by a fare who had entered the building. He also suggested that if my friend did not like it he could go and fetch a policeman.

As my friend was in pyjamas and it was a pouring wet night, this did not appeal to him. With difficulty he managed to get the number of the taxi-man and thought it his duty to write to Scotland Yard to complain. Though he wrote over a week ago, not the faintest notice has been taken of his letter, which leads one to suppose that the authorities consider that a taxi-driver has a right to create a disturbance and thus worry householders if he labours under a grievance.

Taxi-cabmen complain of bad times, and I am afraid that their complaint is justified. In the main they are a very civil and hardworking body of men, but there is a small minority which does discredit to the whole body, and as Scotland Yard appears to take no steps in the matter I really think that the Taxi-cab Drivers' Association—or whatever the union is called—should take action against the black sheep of the confraternity, for, indubitably, they help to spoil business, and make things more difficult for their colleagues.

Yevonde

MISS ELIZABETH SCOTT

Whose design for the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon has been accepted from about seventy entries. The theatre is to be completed some time next year

CHITA IN CABARET

Chita, the famous dancer, who scored such an outstanding success in C. B. Cochran's production of "Ever Green," has joined the ranks of cabaret stars. She has had a great triumph at Grosvenor House, where her acrobatic dancing has been very much to the taste of visitors

ELISSA LANDI

The young English actress who has scored a great success in Hollywood, where she is starring in talkies under the Fox Films banner. Her first two leading parts were in "Body and Soul" and "Always Good-bye"

RATHER SOILED "APRON STRINGS"

At the Vaudeville Theatre an American comedy which startles by its extreme frankness is being played. "Why a Wife Left Home" might be an alternative title, and the reason for this is made perfectly obvious. On the left in the centre we see the wife in question, Barbara Curtis (Ursula Jeans), in the parental nest with her husband, Daniel (Kenneth Kove), a picture of pained surprise at her departure, and Ezra Hunniwell (Joseph Coyne), the deus ex machina in the form of Daniel's trustee, who has no use for the Volstead Act

Here we have Ezra Hunniwell (Joseph Coyne) again, who spends what time he can spare from imbibing in giving good advice to the youth of the day. He introduces Daniel Curtis to the delights of drink with satisfying results

Mrs. Olwell (Henrietta Watson), mother of the bride, however, prefers to fortify herself with smelling-salts. The part, as played by this clever actress, is by far and away the best thing in this play in which but little is left to the imagination

Hey! Nunnie, No!

(A nun entering a convent at San Sebastian was mistaken for King Alfonso in disguise. An angry mob gathered outside, and only dispersed when it was proved that the nun was a member of the convent bearing remarkable resemblance to the deposed King.—News Item.)

[*Being purely imaginary on the part of our irrepressible contributor, we can only apologise profoundly to all convents in Spain, all Mothers Superior, and all nuns.*—Ed.]

The Mother Superior: Well, this is a nice thing! The last time it was Douglas Fairbanks, now it's the King. I'm beginning to think you do it on purpose.

The Nun (*beginning to cry*): I couldn't help it.

Mother Superior: Couldn't help it! Couldn't help it! You've missed your vocation, young woman. You should have been an actress. In fact, I think that's what you're trying to be. And stop that snivelling.

The Nun: I've said I'm sorry.

Mother Superior: Yes, and it's not enough. You're bringing the whole convent into disgrace. Before we know where we are those Socialists will have turned us out of the country, and we'll have to go to England. I suppose you'd like that?

The Nun: N-no, I wouldn't.

Mother Superior: Yes, you would. D'you know what they do to you there? They make you dress up as a man, because there aren't enough men to go round. You'd be a fine success at that. And they make you drink red tea and green beer. And if they catch you drinking after dark they imprison you for life.

The Nun: I don't want to go to England.

Mother Superior: Well, something's got to be done about you here. This business has got to stop. It's a good thing you weren't a novice. In white they'd have mistaken you for one of those Biarritz polo players, and you know what they are.

The Nun: N-no. I've never played polo.

Mother Superior: And you've never played the King either, but you're the sort of girl that make any appearances deceptive. The next thing that'll happen they will be organising tourist trips to come and see you.

The Nun: I—I can't help it. It isn't my fault. I can't do anything.

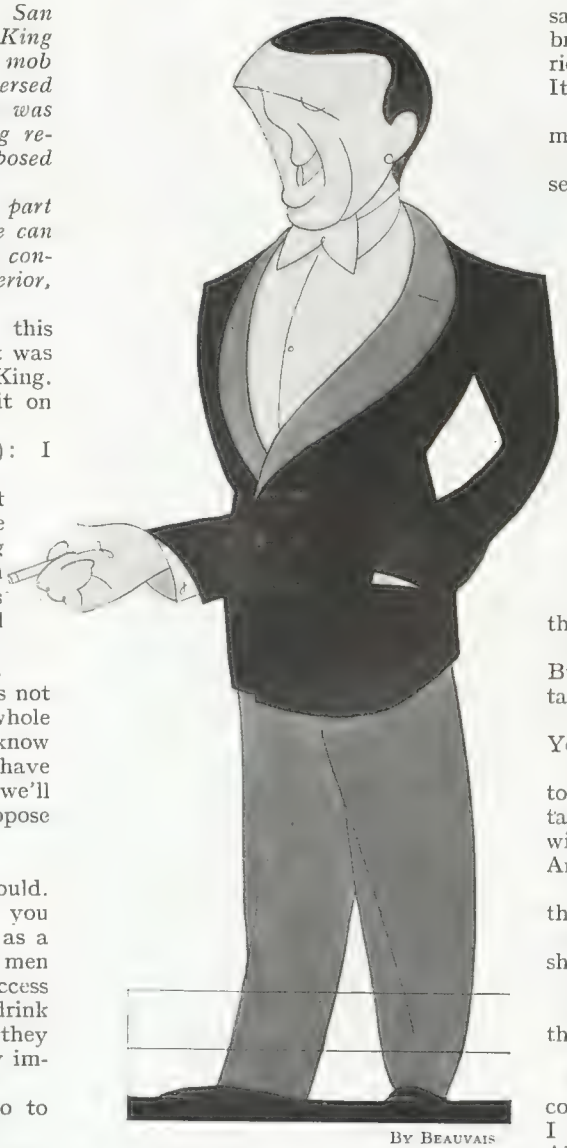
Mother Superior: Well, I can, and will. Do you know what you are going to do? You are going to shave.

The Nun (*aghast*): I—I—— Oh, Reverend Mother! I——

Mother Superior: That's the cause of all the trouble. Your moustache. It's got to come off!

The Nun: But I can't. It's impossible!

Mother Superior: Impossible, fiddlesticks! What was Mr. Gillette born for?



By Beauvais

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

RUDERIES

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER

I MAY be prejudiced, perhaps,
But I can't mix with actor chaps
The common fellows, as a rule,
Have never seen a Public School
And most of them, you will agree,
Have very doubtful pedigree
But you are different, I feel,
You're so refined and quite genteel
My aunt, the Marchioness of Kew,
Always speaks very well of you
And cousin Clarence, in the Guards,
Tells me you never cheat at cards
So now I know you're quite alright,
I think I'll see your show to-night

B.

The Nun: I—I don't know. Is he a Cardinal?

Mother Superior: No, he's a razor, and he's going to shave you.

The Nun: No man shall touch me!

Mother Superior: You will do as I say. I'm not going to have my convent brought into further contempt and ridicule on account of your moustache. It's going to come off!

The Nun: You—you would not force me?

Mother Superior: No, I shall just see that you do what is best.

The Nun: But I cannot do this.

Mother Superior: You refuse?

The Nun: Y-yes.

Mother Superior: Then you shall be expelled the convent.

The Nun: Reverend Mother!

Mother Superior: And I have no doubt further punishment will follow, even excommunication.

The Nun (*falling on her knees*): Have mercy on me!

Mother Superior: And what of us? What of your sisters, what of our order on which you bring the derision of the world? Will you not have mercy on our convent?

The Nun: I never thought of it like that.

Mother Superior: You wouldn't. But you've got to shave that moustache. And quickly!

The Nun: It is against all principles. You ask me to submit to an outrage.

Mother Superior: It will be time to think of outrages when you are mistaken for yet another Royalist. It will be the King of Roumania next. And I shall be taken for his mother.

The Nun: Then I must resign to this indignity?

Mother Superior: Or bring greater shame upon your sisters and this house.

The Nun: Tell me what I must do.

Mother Superior: You will go to the Monastery——

The Nun: Not—not——

Mother Superior: You will be accompanied by Sister Thérèse, of course. I shall give you a note requesting the Abbot to perform this operation, so that after we may live in peace from these disgraceful scenes. (*She begins writing.*)

The Nun: Could I not do it myself?

Mother Superior: We lack the implements.

The Nun: I have scissors.

Mother Superior: And you would look like Charlie Chaplin. No, we cannot afford to take risks like that. Now take this note, find Sister Thérèse, and proceed at once to the Monastery.

(*The Nun goes, and the Mother Superior proceeds to Compline.*)

(*An hour passes. Suddenly, outside the Convent, comes the angry shouting of a crowd. The Mother Superior descends to the cloisters. As she does so Sister Thérèse staggers in, dragging the semi-conscious nun with her. Her upper lip gleams bare and white in the moonlight.*)

Mother Superior: What is the meaning of this?

Sister Thérèse: They say she is the Queen. They are shouting: "It is the Queen! The Queen in disguise!"

(*At which the Mother Superior herself collapses.*) Richard Viner.

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THE MONSEIGNEUR—LONDON'S

The Monseigneur, in Piccadilly Circus, has been the great attraction of the Season, Society flocking there in numbers every night, thr by Mr. Matania. Until he leaves for a visit to America in September, he will be found nightly keeping the ball of humour ro presiding genius of the Monseigneur which, with its blue silk walls, red and gold shaded lights, its excellent service and the danc o

LATEST CHIC RESTAURANT

the big draw being Douglas Byng in his amusing song impersonations, one of which he is seen rendering in the above picture rolling as fast as ever. The well-known restaurateur, M. Taglioni, who is seen standing in the right foreground, is the orchestra of Reginald Fox—to say nothing of the cocktail bar where the Monseigneur Specials are served—is deservedly popular

"DIVINITIES" by DOUGLAS WALES

WILLS'S "CAPSTAN" *are Capital*

THE VALUE IS IN THE CIGARETTES

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A DOLL FOR THE MAHARANEE

By GUY GILPATRIC

THERE are a great many East Indians on the Riviera this winter, as you can tell by the number of robin's-egg blue Rolls-Royces that flash past you on the road. In the Society column of the *Eclaireur* you read about the Maharajah of So-and-so entertaining in his villa at Cannes, the Nizam of This-and-that attending the opera at Monte Carlo, and the social doings of various Jamsahibs, Nawabs, Gaekwars, and other nobles of strange title, exotic appearance, and staggering wealth.

The Maharajah of Langolore steamed into Cannes on his yacht one morning about a week before Christmas. It was a fine big yacht, with plenty of mahogany and bright work, and before they tied her up stern-to in the long line of pleasure craft at the far end of the Croisette they came alongside the coal dock and unloaded three of the usual blue Rolls-Royces.

There were four or five of the Maharajah's wives sitting under the awning on the after deck. They wore white cloths draped over their heads, and wound loosely around their necks were scarves of bright-coloured chiffon. All of them wore rich fur coats of the latest Parisian mode, and all were smoking slim black cigars.

The Maharajah, a tall, thin youth of perhaps twenty-three years, was on the bridge while the wharf-crane hoisted the cars out of the fore hatch. He was dressed in white yachting cap, blue jacket and grey flannel trousers, and he was chatting and laughing with the captain. His complexion was very dark, that peculiar dull Hindu swarthiness which looks as though the faintest possible film of powdered charcoal had been dusted over deep brown skin. His eyes were large, and he had a heavy black moustache, the hairs of which appeared to be soft and silky and glossed with brilliantine. This moustache did not go well with his face.

Seen from the front his head was abnormally narrow, while in profile the back of the skull curved out from his scrawny neck like the outline of a question mark. There was something rather bird-like about this, and definitely unpleasant.

Like most Indian noblemen, he had been educated in England, but although he spoke the language with perfect fluency and in preference to his native tongue it did not become him any more than did his English clothes. His Highness the Maharajah of Langolore might play cricket, give imitations of Maurice Chevalier, cut a figure in the London night clubs, and pride himself on being the most modern-minded of all King George's subject princes; but, somehow, everything he said and did only demonstrated the truth of Kipling's prophecy that East and West will never meet.

Half of the fifth floor of the Hotel Royal-Fabiano had been made ready for His Highness and his entourage, as well as a private kitchen in which his Indian chefs might prepare food according to the dietary rules of his faith. The kitchen and the chefs were really nothing but a concession to appearances, however, because His Highness and his several wives generally ate what they chose when they were in Europe. The purdah, too, was dispensed with—purdah meaning screen, and being the traditional barrier between highly born Indian ladies and the profaning eyes of strangers. Thus, while so many of the blue Rolls-Royces to be seen on the roads from Cannes to Mentone have slatted coach-shutters and windows of frosted glass, the broad-minded liege lord of Langolore did not even require that his wives wear veils.

During the first few days after the arrival the Maharajah and his aide took motor rides along the coast, lunched where it was fashionable to lunch, and appeared in the various gambling casinos of the region. The ladies of the party spent the greater part of their time preening themselves before long mirrors, and chattering with the couturiers from Chanel, Lanvin, and Boulanger, who were making them several hundred thousand francs' worth of clothes.

The young Maharanee was particularly anxious to have a pale green evening gown, because His Highness, her husband, had promised to take her to a night club on Christmas Eve. She was only fourteen years old, and this was an exciting prospect.

There were three in the royal party on Christmas Eve: the Maharajah, the young Maharanee, and the aide-de-camp. His Highness's evening coat was very English, with padded shoulders which made his narrow head seem all the narrower, and long tails which increased his resemblance to a bird.

THE Maharanee's new green gown became her beautifully, although she looked a trifle like a child masquerading in her mother's clothes. Antoine had waved her hair and silvered her finger-nails, and on the left lobe of her little straight brown nose she wore a diamond. She did not like to wear this diamond, but her nose had been pierced when she was a baby, and she felt that the jewel looked better than the hole.

The aide was a stocky, saturnine, middle-aged Hindu who wore a short black jacket which buttoned up to his neck and white satin breeches which were cut full to the knee and fitted like gaiters over the calf.

The night club was Le Bœuf sur le Toit, which means The Bull on the Roof. This name suggests an over-atmosphered, under-ventilated Montmartre sort of place, with singing waiters and red tablecloths. Actually, however, the Bœuf is one of the smartest resorts in Cannes, decorated in the angular, astigmatic and cross-eyed modern style which seems to have become the accepted convention in night clubs all over the world. During Christmas week there was an Argentinian orchestra which played tangoes in alternation with a band of American coons who

ILLUSTRATED BY OLDHAM

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called themselves the Georgia Wanderers, and who supplied the indispensable jazz. The feature performer of the Wanderers was a Savannah negro named Charlie Steptoe, who played the drums and was really very funny about it.

This Steptoe was a tall coon who painted his naturally thick lips in a manner which made them look like the red inner tubes of balloon tyres. He could make strange faces and weird noises, and his juggling of drum-sticks was a sight to behold. When the young Maharanee beheld him she laughed with an abandon which would have scandalised her several million subjects in India, but which pleased her husband mightily. She was his newest and youngest wife, and he was very much in love with her.

"Buy me him for Christmas, Lanji

THREE tables, one in the corner and one on either side of it, had been reserved. This was to provide a certain amount of isolation for their Highnesses, who sat in the centre. The aide stationed himself at one of the flanking tables, and attended to all matters of the ordering. He himself took nothing. He spoke to their Highnesses only when spoken to, and he accepted a cigar from the Maharajah with a bow that was almost worshipful.

The Argentinos struck up a tango. The Maharanee grimaced prettily over the edge of her champagne glass. "Oh, bother!" she exclaimed. "I do wish you'd have the funny hubshis play all the evening. Those tango people are a dreadful bore."

Her husband nodded to the aide, who beckoned the manager. "Please see to it," he said, "that the niggers of jazz play continuously until their Highnesses leave. However, the Maharajah commands me to express his appreciation of the tango musicians' efforts, and his wish that you and they will drink the Maharanee's health." He slid two mille notes across the table.

"There, now," beamed the Maharanee, as the negroes launched into "Longing for the Carolines," "I call this perfectly lovely. Do look at that funny hubshi with the drums. Oh, Lanji, I just love him!"

"He isn't a hubshi; he's a North American nigger," said the Maharajah.

"Nigger? Oh, Lanji, you mustn't! Miss Fithian always said it was frightfully ill-bred to say nigger."

"Very likely," agreed her husband, smiling under his glossy moustache. "Miss Fithian was an admirable governess, but she's a trifle Victorian. That reminds me—I say, Colonel Singh, just cable the old girl a hundred pounds from Her Highness for Christmas, won't you?"

The aide bowed, and made a note in his pocket-book.

"I'm glad you thought of that," said the Maharanee. "It was nice of you. She can buy herself a lovely Christmas present with it, can't she?"

"Oh, yes, an umbrella or a bulldog or something; that is, I fancy she can." The Maharajah had never bought anything for himself, and had only the vaguest notions of the value of money. "If you think we ought to make it five hundred or a thousand, Singh, go right ahead. Use your own judgment."

"That's right. Colonel Singh," said the Maharanee. "Send Miss Fithian lots and lots of money. I want her to have a lovely Christmas present."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, I wish you'd make up your mind what you want me to give you," the Maharajah scolded her. "I've bought you one or two little gadgets, of course, but I'd rather give you something you'd really enjoy. Come, now, think hard!"

"Oh, I've thought and thought. But don't worry, Lanji, dear; I'll think of something."

The niggers switched into a tricky orchestration of "Body and Soul," and the drummer juggled his sticks in his very drollest manner. A number of French and English people were complaining about the sudden departure of the Argentinos, but the Maharanee was gurgling with delight.

"Come, Lanji, I want to dance," she said. "And please have Colonel Singh to tell that funny hubshi to be funnier."

There was a crowd on the floor, but the aide walked straight through it, handed a thousand-franc note to Charlie Steptoe, and said, "The Maharanee commands me to inform you of her wish that you be funnier."

Charlie Steptoe opened his mouth to its fullest extent, and dived head-first through an imitation bass drum. "Oh, boy!" he shouted, prancing around the floor with the wrecked drum over his shoulders. "Merry Chrismus to de Injun Princess. Merry Chrismus to de sweet l'il gal with rings awn her fingahs an' di'mon's awn her nose."

Please buy me the funny hubshi'"

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his left forearm as powerful fingers gripped it. The smiling face of Colonel Singh was only a few inches from his own. But Colonel Singh's eyes were not smiling. "Stop saying such things, you hubshi swine!" he whispered. "Stop it, stop it at once!"

Charlie's balloon-tyre lips closed as he gulped with pain.

Their Highnesses danced over through the crowd, and the Maharanee's slim little forefinger poked Charlie Steptoe full in the bosom of his starched shirt.

"Funny hubshi!" she giggled. "Don't hurt the funny hubshi, Colonel Singh. Give him some money and order him to be funnier."

The aide bowed, released Charlie's arm, and slipped another mille note into his pink-palmed hand. "Be funnier, hubshi!" he commanded; and, still smiling, he resumed his station at the edge of the dance floor.

"Whoa dam'!" thought Charlie Steptoe, getting down on all fours and butting the drum before him with his head. "Dat tan Cunnel wif de white pants is one bad niggah! Ah bet he packs a gun in dem breeches, and a twisty Injun razor in his breas' pocket! But come awn, you pretty mille notes—fo'ty bucks mo' fo' Charlie!"

"There!" cried the little Maharanee, standing on one foot, clapping her hands in ecstasy, and quite upsetting the silhouette of the pale green gown which the couturières of Worth had laboured so diligently to perfect. "Buy me him for Christmas, Lanji! Please, Lanji, buy me the funny hubshi."

"Well, now, that's a jolly idea!" laughed the Maharajah of Langolore. "I say, Singh, buy Her Highness the nigger."

Just then church bells pealed in the distance. The chauffeurs waiting outside the Bœuf honked their motor horns. Corks popped. The lights went out. It was Christmas.

His Highness the Maharajah of Langolore drew his fourteen-year-old Maharanee to him, and kissed her on her full red lips.

"Merry Christmas, old thing!" he said.

"Cheerio, Lanji!" she answered, hugging him with a brown arm thrust beneath his coat. "And thanks, thanks, thanks for the lovely nigger!"

II.

Charlie Steptoe was an excellent chauffeur. Before becoming a jazz drummer he had driven for many years for a family in Savannah; and now, grey-liveried and at the wheel of a blue Rolls-Royce, he was in a sort of nigger seventh heaven. His salary was exactly double what he had earned in the band, and because the mechanical work of his car was attended to by one of the Hindus his duties were light. Charlie drove their Highnesses whenever they went to places where there was dancing, and Colonel Singh always arranged with the management for him to do his stuff with the drums.

The Maharanee was delighted with him. He was the most amusing toy she had ever owned. She laughed at everything he said and did, even when he was not trying to be funny. Charlie had the soul of an actor, and such easily earned approbation was as welcome and as warming as the sun.

She usually addressed him as Hubshi, because Steptoe was such a funny name that she went into gales of laughter whenever she said it. Thus she saved the saying of it for special occasions, as when she felt like having an extra good laugh or wished to share a capital joke with her husband. At such times Charlie would grin and shuffle his feet in mock embarrassment, which only added to her merriment.

Charlie's ideas about the Maharanee were much confused. He was sure that she was extremely young; and yet she was old enough to be married to a man described by the *Eclaireur* as "one of the richest princes in the world." While some of her actions were those of a child, others were sage and mature. For weeks after he entered her service he could not decide whether to think of her as a little girl or as a woman.

As to her race, Charlie was equally uncertain. He had heard that East Indians were considered white; but none that he had seen, even the Maharanee herself, could have ridden in the front half of a jim-crow street car. True, the Hindus did not have negroid features; but, after all, Charlie believed, it was colour and colour alone that determined racial differences. And so he finally concluded that the Maharanee was a coloured girl. Not just high-yaller, mind you, but really, truly coloured.

For some reason it gave him pleasure to think of her as

being coloured. She was so young, so pretty, so pleasant, and—coloured. She wasn't coarse and raucous like the coloured girls at home or those he had known in Haarlem; no, she wasn't even like Josephine Baker or the pretty coloured chorus girls in the Paris revues. Her Highness was a lady, that was the difference; a mighty fine, mighty elegant lady. A lovely lady.

Gradually, to his surprise, he found that it was becoming more and more difficult to be funny for her. He knew that she expected him to amuse her, but somehow the thought of always acting the clown was hateful. After all, he was a man, not a monkey for Maharanees or anybody else to laugh at.

For the first time in his life Charlie was self-conscious and vaguely troubled by a sense of dignity. He realised, though, that he would have to force himself out of this frame of mind, or he would lose his job. If he lost his job he would see no more of the Maharanee. At the prospect he felt a sudden twinge of fear. And not until then did he realise what had happened to him.

"Why, you dam' fool!" he said to himself in amazement. "Do you know what you gawn an' done? You've fell in love with de l'il culluh'd Ma'ranee! Oh, you dam', dam', double-dam' fool!"

CHARLIE STEPTOE was so greatly disturbed by what had befallen that at first he was bitterly resentful of it. He knew that it was all utterly foolish, but, just the same, it was upsetting. Yes, and if he couldn't choke it off right quick it would jest natch'ally spoil everything. He tried to force it out of his mind, to joke himself back to normality, to scoff at the emotion, and to deny even that it had ever existed. But always it swept over him again, stronger than before. In the days that followed he thought about her all the time. When he was alone in his little room above the hotel garage he liked to imagine that she was with him. Then he would pretend that he had married her and taken her back to the States. He would act out the whole scene of introducing her to his mother. "Mammy, Ah wants you to kiss yo' l'il Injun princess daughter. We's married, Mammy, and we's gwine to set up housekeepin' down on South Wheeler Street."

How the other coons would stare when they saw her—especially at that earring in her nose! "Uh-hmmm, hot dam!" they'd explain. "Look-a-dat sweet l'il princess Charlie Steptoe's done married. Charlie's sho one lucky boy!"

Of course, he couldn't buy her a blue Rolls-Royce, but he could afford a nice blue second-hand Chrysler. He could get a job in an orchestra right in Savannah and make good money. He could . . . but then, in the midst of his imaginings, he would recall himself to reality, groan at its grimness, and curse his own insanity.

"Lay off, lay off!" he would mutter. "Stop it, you double-dam black niggah fool!" Once he even kicked himself savagely on the left shin.

One evening they were in the Palais de la Mediterranée, in Nice, and Charlie, by royal command, was doing his turn with the drums. He had just finished rolling a cymbal along his left arm, across his shoulders and down to his right hand—a feat which always amused the Maharanee mightily. He looked toward her to see her laugh, but she was not laughing. His Highness was talking to her, but she was not paying attention. Instead she was staring at Charlie. There was a strange misty look in her eyes, and on her lips was a faint, puzzled smile. It was as though she had just seen something that she did not recognise, and thought of something which she did not fully understand.

Her expression made Charlie feel weak and dizzy. Nobody, not even his mother, had ever looked at him that way before.

He saw Colonel Singh glance very casually from the Maharanee's face to his own, and he recalled himself with a start. "Thump, thump, clink—thump!" he pounded the bass drum and whacked the triangle.

Although he was very funny for the remainder of the evening, and although the Maharanee laughed at him, Charlie felt that she was disturbed and unhappy.

It was, he told himself, a terrible mess.

III.

IT was nearing the end of February now, and the Maharajah was talking about moving along to Pau for the fox-hunting. Charlie Steptoe, hearing this, remembered that fox-hunters sometimes broke their necks and had horses fall on them; and he half hoped that some such mishap might overtake His Highness. But then he realised that such thoughts were as wrong as though he himself were planning the Maharajah's murder, or at least trying to wish him to death, like the nigger witch-doctors in the Everglades who killed people merely by thinking of it.

Even if the Maharajah should die, what good would it do? Charlie couldn't kidnap Her Highness, and his own calmer judgment told him that she would not go away with him voluntarily.

He had never been alone with her; and although he believed that he saw great tenderness in her eyes, and although he was sure that once or twice she had deliberately touched his hand with her own when he was helping her into the car, he did not know definitely how she felt towards him. Why, the Maharanee was so very young that she probably didn't know herself!

And she was a queen, a queen; while he was only a coon. Still, she was a coon, too! Why couldn't he kidnap her? And how could he be so sure that she wouldn't run away with him of her own free will?

The more Charlie thought the more complicated everything became. It was, he realised, the sort of thing that sometimes caused coloured men to drink large quantities of corn whisky, and to rush through the streets slashing at people with razors until the police arrived and dragged them, screaming, to the calaboose. He hoped it wouldn't get that bad with him. But, just the same, he wouldn't take any lip from anybody, particularly from Colonel Singh. Though Colonel Singh had always been coldly formal, Charlie didn't like the way he looked at him. Colonel Singh was one bad guy; but, well, he'd better lay low if the cutting started—yas, lay low, dat was all, jest lay low! . . .

Charlie's musings about what he'd do to Colonel Singh were interrupted by the chasseur, who shouted up the garage stairs that the car was wanted at once. It was only a little after six, so Charlie assumed that they must be going clear over to Monte Carlo for dinner. One of the Hindus had been working on the car, and it was as sleek and dustless as new.

Colonel Singh was standing on the steps under the porte-cochere, an envelope in his hand. He seemed nervous.

"Steptoe," he said, "this note must reach Mr Cole-Rutherford in the Hotel Ruhl at Nice as soon as possible. Drive like the devil!"

"Yassuh!" said Charlie; and slipping into low, he swung the great purring car around the circular flower bed and headed eastward along the Croisette. A little speed, now, would make him feel better.

HER HIGHNESS THE MAHARANEE OF LANGOLORE was very sad indeed when they told her about Charlie Steptoe's body being found in the wreck of the blue Rolls-Royce. Of course, she did not hear the talk about the left steering-knuckle having been filed half through; in fact, as Colonel Singh told the Commissaire de Police, His Highness the Maharajah, happy to have escaped what was evidently an attempt to assassinate him, preferred that the matter of the filed steering-knuckle be hushed up.

The Commissaire was a polite man; and, anyway, he had received special instructions from high quarters covering Maharajahs, Nizams, Jamsahibs, Nawabs, Gaekwars, and all such diplomatically exempt personages as might stray from the paths of righteousness while within his jurisdiction. Therefore, he did not embarrass the Colonel by pressing the point or by inquiring how it happened that the dead chauffeur carried in his pocket an envelope containing nothing, addressed to a person who did not exist.

A few days later the royal party moved along to Pau. The Maharanee was so busy trying to decide what she wanted for her birthday that she didn't have much time to think about the poor funny hubshi.

It pleased and thrilled her to think that on this birthday she would be fifteen whole years old.

G. G.

BY LESLIE BUTLER

"How dare you speak to me! I don't know you from Adam"
"Well, I'm afraid I would scarcely know you from Eve"

A studio portrait of Ronald Colman, the subject of the article on this page

A Film Star Who Hates Publicity

By Ralph Stock

On a hilltop overlooking the brazen desert of publicity that is Hollywood, you will find—if you search diligently amongst the palms and pepper trees that surround it—a little oasis of privacy and peace.

Here you may ring the bell of a low, rambling white house in the Spanish style, and when a Philippino "boy" has satisfied himself through a grille in the door that you are none other than the person you present yourself to be, he will admit you to the most perfect bachelor house in Hollywood.

It is evident at first glance that this is the abiding place of one who loves quiet, comfort and beauty. From the cool stillness of a flagged courtyard you pass through a room that is a club-man's dream, on to a *patio* bordered with a variety of ferns. A shaft of sunlight touches the bronze statuette atop a discreetly trickling fountain, and from somewhere beyond come the sounds of human voices and the "ping" of a tennis ball meeting the racket.

The court is cut clean out of the hillside, and looking down on it from a natural "gallery" roofed with flowering vine you will see the players enjoying a friendly but strenuous game. One of them is Ronald Colman, and he waves you a greeting with his racket.

Presently he will join you in the gallery, a rather shy, open-air type of Englishman, who has reached the status of an international figure without being in the least spoilt. Over a glass of familiar amber liquid he will talk with a charm of voice and manner that puts you peculiarly at your ease.

"Yes," he will tell you, "I like it out here. Why shouldn't I? America gives you a chance, and if you supply her wants she returns the compliment. What more can anyone ask?

"Of course, the life's different, but if you're at all adaptable it grows on you. I only realised how it had grown on *me* when a certain English actress began to disparage the entire country after a week's stay in Hollywood. I found myself getting quite hot under the collar in its defence.

"Oh, no, I shall never change my nationality, but I have no great hankering to go home. England is an uncomfortable sort of place for me. The general impression seems to be that I ought to 'help' the film industry of my native land by making pictures there, but judging by the jibes of some of my English critics I should hinder rather than help, and I don't want to do that.

"Then another reason why I prefer to stay where I am is that I get more privacy in Hollywood than anywhere else. Sounds quaint, doesn't it? But I can assure you it's a fact."

Colman has tried all manner of schemes to escape the attention that dogs his footsteps, and with him the desire for seclusion is no pose. On one occasion only his clam-like manager knew where and when the wandering star was going. A pullman ticket for Canada was taken in his name. He wore smoked glasses and a three-day beard. Instead of going to Canada on the date specified, he went to Europe a week later in the name of "Smith"—and an army of pressmen was waiting at the gang-plank!

"A very sporting effort," Colman admits, "and naturally I owe a certain amount of publicity to my management; but what makes me writhe is Press misrepresentation—the twisting of what I have said at an interview into something I never meant, and the mention of purely personal matters that have never even been discussed. However, I suppose it's all in the game . . ."

"My ambition? Oh, that's easy." And this young man, who apparently possesses everything life has to offer, tells you his one desire is freedom.

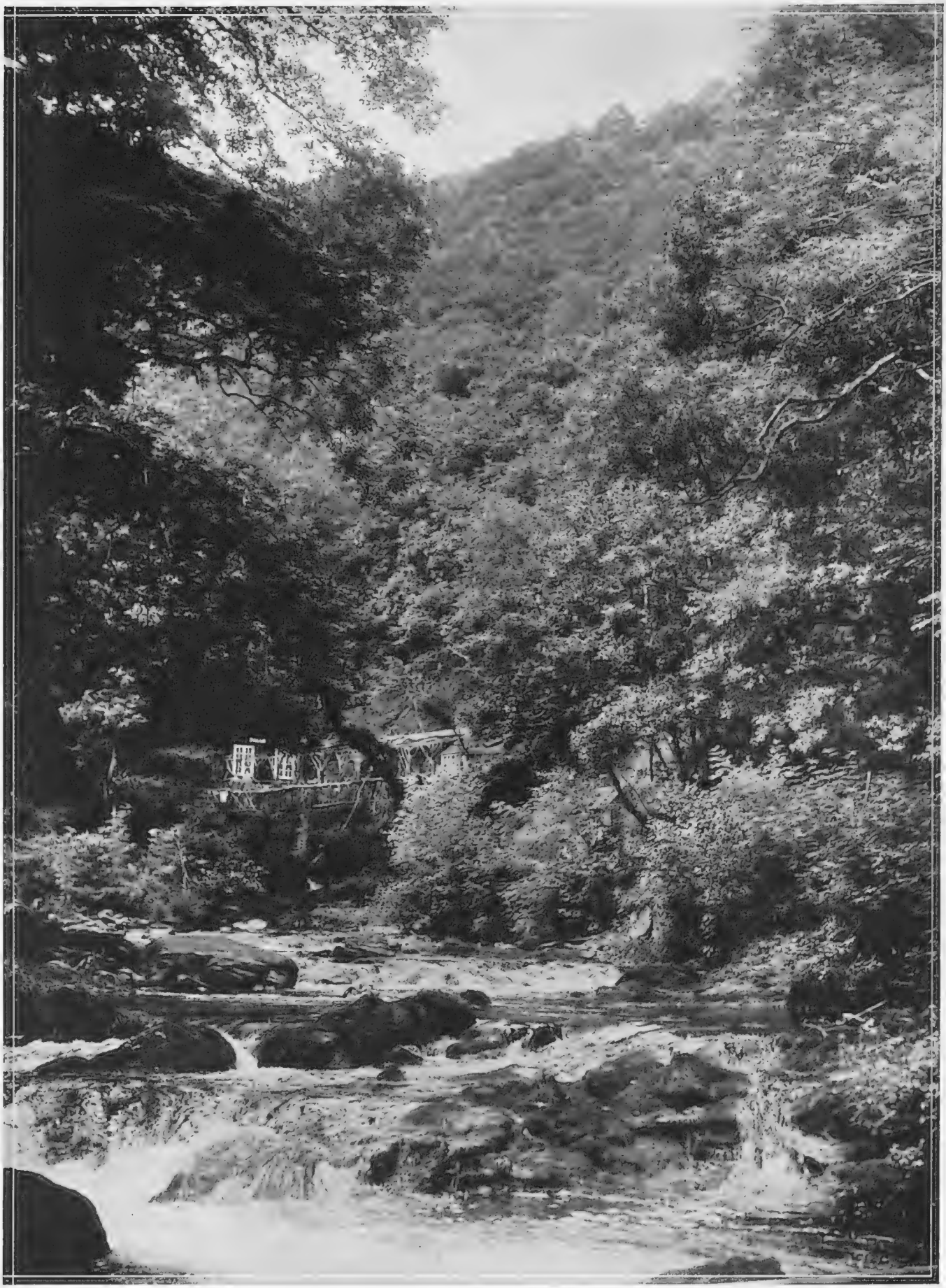
"I've never had it," he confesses wistfully, "and in my experience there's nothing so hard to come by."

It appears that from the days when his disciplinarian father literally knocked elocution into him with a stick—right through the drudgery of office work; the relentless routine of the Army (with which he went to the Great War with the London Scottish in time to earn the Mons Star and a shattered ankle); the hard knocks he encountered during his obscure career on the English and American stage; up to and including his present eminence on the screen—his one desire has been to call his soul his own.

Will he attain this ambition? You hope so. You cannot help hoping that he will attain anything he has set his heart upon. Ronald Colman is like that.

LILIAN HARVEY

One of the most beautiful girls on the films. Although London born, she has been playing in Continental productions for some time and speaks French and German as well as she does her native tongue. Her latest film, "Chemin du Paradis," will be seen at the Rialto in the near future



BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN

Watersmeet, one of the most beautiful corners of North Devon, lies just outside Lynton and Lynmouth. A scheme is being promoted to purchase 340 acres in this district for the National Trust, and the land in question includes Watersmeet House and Barton Wood

PARIS GOSSIP

KEEPING FIT
Physical jerks by Lake Geneva's blue waters. Physical culture is pleasant enough when practised in the sunshine at Lausanne-Ouchy

PARIS IN THE DEAD SEASON — By Sylvia Lyon

THERE is a certain amount of murmur and movement in Paris these days; these days when there is nobody in Paris except people who are on their way somewhere else. The murmur and movement consist of everything from a whisper to a shriek and from a slight rustle to an upheaval. Most of it is concerned with the showing of the new dress collections. The Baron Maurice Hottinguer's "1900" party, when everybody posed for self-amused, self-conscious photographs, has perhaps resulted in women's thinking that to dress like that again, that is in a 1931 version, is just a little bit silly. The only Parisians who have kept their heads are the men who have footed the bills. The next time women start dressing in a revival of another mode the men should do the same. Not only that, they should refuse to escort their wives or girl or lady friends on any other conveyance than a bicycle or fire-engine. I think that the last reference to the 1900's will be the London revival of *Florodora*. In Paris we are hearing a daring song, something about "Would You Like To Take a Walk?" whose rhythm suggests *Florodora*.

"How nice the world is when there is still something left to shock people"

DINAH, the coloured chanteuse, sang this song the other night at "L'Ange Bleu," for of all the places to go at night in Paris "L'Ange Bleu" is the favourite. Dinah sang "Would You Like To Take a Walk?" and she made everybody else sing it. Then suddenly some creature in the cabaret (and there is always some irrepressible creature like that everywhere) aggressively requested "Man o'War." Dinah obligingly sang it, and the whole place froze. Dear me, I thought, how nice the world is when there is still something left to shock people. Even the gorgeous Madame Simon Rolo, in a little white satin tricorne, with her magnificently curled dark hair with its brave and decorative strands of grey, froze. So did the handsome Count Andi di Robilant, who was in her party, freeze. Dinah quickly seized the audience's resentment of this song, that is too naughty to be amusing, and switched off into something else.

ANOTHER night club in vogue, but don't go before three o'clock and don't go at all as far as I am concerned, is Brick Top. It may be called Brick Top, but I think it's just terrible. A frail, elegant negro youth (black-wash left over from "Black Birds"), straight out of Ronald Firbank's "Prancing Nigger," prances about, rolling his eyes and waving his braceleted wrists. As he seems to be the main attraction, you can imagine the kind of men who enthuse over the place. The Hon. Mrs. Adrian Holman was there the other night, and so was Madame Schiaparelli, the latter wearing the newest coiffure—waveless, with ragged edged hair

brushed forward over the ears. It is conceded to be just a temporary mode to be worn at the beaches. As a matter of fact, there is nothing particularly new or novel about this style of coiffure, although many people would have us believe otherwise, for it happens to be the way Anita Loos wore her hair five or six years ago, the time when we were first learning that gentlemen prefer blondes.

S

I HEAR that James Hazen Hyde and his second wife, formerly the Countess Matushka, German by marriage and American by birth, have separated. Hyde's first wife lives in Paris. She was Martha Leishman, whose father, John G. H. Leishman, was American Ambassador at Berlin, and whose sister, Nancy, married the Duke de Croy, whose Paris residence is in the Rue des Marronières. Martha was a very pretty girl, as also was her sister Nancy, and they were largely brought up at the Château de Hapsburg, near Lucerne, although the "old home town," so to speak, was Pittsburg, where Mr. Leishman, a dapper little man in his day, was the President of the Carnegie Steel Trust. Like other big industrialists, he went into diplomacy, and was very successful, splashing the dollars around everywhere. Mr. Hyde's second marriage took place last autumn at the Pavillon de l'Ermitage, his place in Versailles, and André Tardieu was best man.

S. L.

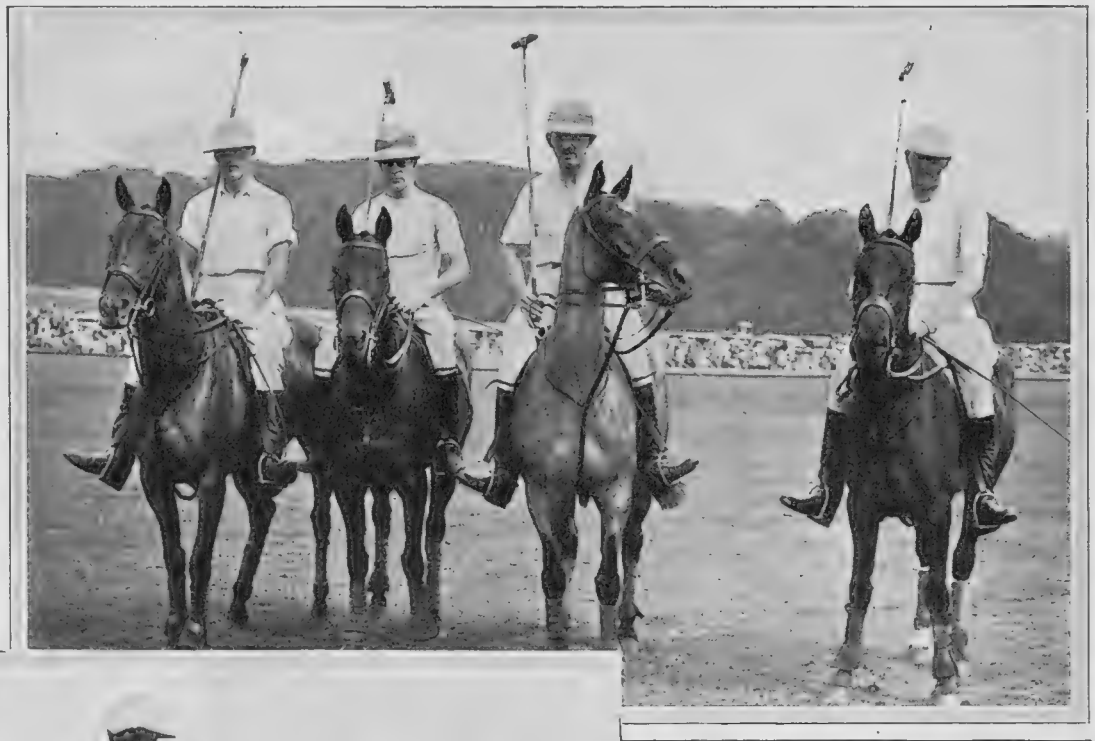
MLLE. HÉLÈNE WORTH

The daughter of M. and Mme. Jacques Worth, the famous coutourier. Her engagement has been announced to M. Jean S. Iscovesco the son of Dr. Iscovesco

DEAUVILLE BEACH GIRLS TAKE TO THE AIR

The new aerodrome at Deauville was opened recently by M. Dumesnil, France's flying Air Minister, and the Air Union have started a daily service from Croydon, making it possible to breakfast in London and lunch in Deauville. Beach girls are seen meeting the first air liner, "Rapid Azur," from Croydon on its arrival at Deauville

REMNANTS Beat BLUEJACKETS at Cowdray Park



The Remnants, who beat the Bluejackets by six goals to four in the final of the Cowdray Park Challenge Tournament. Seen from left to right are Mr. J. G. Morrison (back), Mr. T. A. A. Watt (No. 1), Capt. D. J. E. Norton (No. 3), and Mr. J. Lakin (No 2)

BLUEJACKETS ON THE DEFENCE

The Bluejackets, whose team comprised Lieut. E. G. Heywood-Lonsdale (No. 1), Capt. R. A. R. Neville, R.M. (No. 2), Lieut.-Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten (No. 3), and Lieut.-Commander C. E. Lambe (back), defending their goal against the Remnants. The latter were in receipt of two goals

Prince George, who presented the Cup to the Remnants, at Cowdray Park. He is seen with Viscountess Cowdray, Lady Wodehouse, Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lady Dalkeith

GOLF GOSSIP By Lieut.-Col. W. Elwy Jones

A happy foursome waiting their turn to play at North Berwick. They are Mr. J. B. Ford, of the Grenadier Guards (left), the Countess of Northesk, the Earl of Northesk and Princess Maria Bariatinsky

I WAS playing the other day in a four-baller with an American and an Englishman who had spent ten years in the States, and I was very interested in their comments upon the difference in golf clubs on this and the other side of the herring-pond. They both agreed that they missed the country-club type of clubhouse which one finds almost everywhere in the States, where there is plenty of entertainment in the nature of tennis, dancing, cabaret, etc., for the non-golfing wife. I have often wondered why a club within easy reach of the West End does not make the experiment. Let them build a room large enough for dancing, with a really good floor, provide good grass and hard tennis courts, squash courts, and a bathing pool—the cuisine and service must be equal to that of the West End—and I feel sure they will be inundated with applications for membership, and meet with great success. I know of one club which is ideally suited for the experiment. If this fashion in golf clubs is started, we shall have fewer wails from golf-widows. Of course, we have Ranelagh, and farther out there is the lovely Wentworth, near Virginia Water, with three courses, many tennis courts, and a delightful dance floor.

* * *

THE Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews having informed the St. Andrews Council that the Open Championship of 1933 could not be held there unless gate money for spectators could be charged, the Council has decided to make application to Parliament for a provisional order to do this. Apart from the links being a public common, another difficulty exists at St. Andrews. With a few exceptions, the greens are double greens, one-half being an outward hole and the other the homeward; the natural layout of the course makes this necessary. Some of the greens are enormous; in fact, I think it is possible at one hole to be on the green and yet 100 yards from the pin. Some putt! It is easy to picture the plight of a couple on one of these greens with a huge gallery following a favourite on the other half.

* * *

ONE of the members of the Ryder Cup Team told me that when they reached Detroit, where they were to play an exhibition game, they arrived at their hotel and found that Walter Hagen made it his home; they were invited to have a cocktail with him, but their experience of American drinks up to that time had made them make a decision to cry off for the rest of their tour. Hagen's apartments were on the umteenth floor—my informant thought it was the 46th; they were ushered into a gorgeous salon and heartily greeted by their host, who, after welcoming them, opened a door in the panelling and disclosed another room across one end of which was a luxuriously equipped cocktail bar with a very smart, white-coated "shaker" in readiness. Hagen told the barman to get ready for business, and the latter drew back some shutters, revealing all the well-known brands of spirits which go to make a cocktail in this country. There were all the familiar bottles and labels, and the team partook of their only good cocktails of the trip.

* * *

THE North Foreland Peace Cups were both won recently by visitors, Dr. Avit Scot (North Worcestershire) winning the Senior and T. P. Blower (Sidcup) the Junior.

Mrs. Slark would have been in the final for the Junior had she sunk a short putt on the 18th, but, alas! she failed. Even then she took her opponent to the 20th.

Miss Evelyn Coats driving off during a round on the links at North Berwick. She is the daughter of Mr. P. H. Coats of Paisley

* * *

CHARLES AMBROSE, that all-round sportsman, has made a very effective reply to the three H's—Hobbs, Hendren, and Hearne—who claim that golf is bad for cricket. In 1910 in one week Ambrose and his partner reached the finals of the open mixed tennis doubles at Epsom, then a first-class affair. The next day he defeated a plus-three golfer playing level, and the following morning made 93 runs before lunch for Wimbledon against the M.C.C. off the bowling of Albert Trott and Mignon. He also points out that the Australians carried off the "Ashes," although they played golf.

* * *

MR. LEO DAWSON recently had the satisfaction of holing the 16th hole, 150 yards, at Scraptoft Golf Club, Leicester, in one, playing in a four ball match.

* * *

THE Royal St. David's Summer Meeting at Harlech is, as usual, attracting a very large entry. It is one of the most popular of holiday events, and is being held from August 22 to 29. The St. David's Gold Cross Golfing Trophy is unique. It is designed from an authentic Celtic cross, and is absolutely correct in detail. The work was carried out by very highly skilled metal craftsmen. The winner receives a silver replica.

FLYING NOTES

LONG-DISTANCE "STUNTS"

By CAPT. C. E. WARD.

FOR some time past the Australian and Cape routes seem to have held the greatest attraction for budding Kingsford-Smiths and Lindberghs, but following the recent American record round-the-world flight come stories of similar projects and rumours of still more. For some unknown reason the Atlantic crossing is in favour once more. One can only suppose that it seems to certain pilots, whose names have yet to appear in the newspapers, to be a short cut to fame. It may still appear to be the golden opportunity for them to write their names on the Immortal Roll of Pioneers. If so, they are likely to be disappointed.

THE Atlantic is no longer a conquest. The public know that hundreds of people have already made the crossing. They also know that it is largely a matter of luck; if the prop keeps turning round you get there, and if it doesn't you don't—so to speak. Suppose they do succeed, what of it? What have they gained? What have they contributed to aviation? In the majority of cases the answer is, nothing. On the other hand, if they fail, the resultant publicity may do infinite harm to the efforts of those who are doing their best to educate the public to the real value of aircraft. How can the public be expected to remain convinced that development is progressing while these ill-advised people take such foolish and unwarranted risks simply in order to be able to say that they have flown an aeroplane from here to there.

LET us, for goodness' sake, leave these long-distance flights to men whose business it is, men who know the risks, but by virtue of their experience are able to reduce them to a minimum; men who have a definite object in view and a properly equipped aircraft for the work.

The proposed Service long-distance flight with the Fairey-Napier long range monoplane, which is to take place later in the year, is being undertaken for other reasons besides the possible capture of the World's Distance Record. The development of aircraft capable of making long-distance non-stop flights to India is part of the policy of the Air Ministry for reinforcements of units in the Middle and Far East without intermediate halts. If they succeed some definite and useful information will certainly be gained.

MR. J. A. MOLLISON

The Scottish aviator who put up so wonderful a show when he flew from Australia to England in record time. He completed the flight in 8 days, 14 hours and 25 minutes, thus lowering the record set up by Mr. C W. A. Scott

A model aeroplane being fitted for experiments and research into the cause and effect of a nosespin. The photograph was taken in a specially constructed wind tunnel at the International Physical Laboratory at Teddington, where experiments are being carried out to evolve the perfect plane that will be easily flown, absolutely foolproof and perfectly safe

Sir Alan's African Amble

SIR ALAN COBHAM'S new African flight has not been undertaken simply to fly an aeroplane from England to Africa. His trips to the far places of the earth have always been made with some special object in view, and the present Empire air routes owe much to him. The object of the present flight is to explore the possibilities of feeder air lines from the Congo area to the Imperial Airways route to Capetown. His aircraft is a Short twin-float seaplane equipped with three Bristol Jupiter engines which give it a cruising speed of 110 miles per hour. The machine, which is named the "Valetta," with a wing span of 107ft., is the largest seaplane in the world, although not of course the largest flying boat. The flight, which is supported by the Air Ministry and Lord Wakefield (who has been associated with so many flights), will probably occupy two months. Sir Alan will follow the new Cape route as far as Juba and then strike westward to Lake George, Lake Edward, and Lake Kivu and the famous Mountains of the Moon.

From Derby to the Desert

MENTION of Africa should not be passed without reference to a striking example of Imperial Airways enterprise just revealed by three motorists whose car broke down in the heart of the African desert. They were driving a twenty-year-old Rolls-Royce car from Cairo to Capetown when they struck a bad patch of road which had been banked up to allow the water to drain off. The car had to travel for 280 miles at an acute angle, and this caused a breakdown. A telegram was sent from the nearest village asking for a spare part to be sent from the Rolls-Royce works at Derby. Immediately the message was received the Rolls-Royce firm got in touch with Imperial Airways and found that the air mail was leaving for Africa in a few hours. The spare part was put on the aeroplane and delivered in the desert within seven days of the telegram having been despatched. The car was able to resume its journey two hours later. Imperial Airways have certainly revolutionised ideas of time and distance in the Dark Continent.

An Australian Sky-Pilot

FROM still further afield comes another story of air enterprise, and it concerns the Revd. Daniels, who has charge of the Diocese of Wilcannia, Australia, and who regularly uses a Moth to get about the 600 square miles under his care. A clergy Conference was recently called at Hay, N.S.W. Members who had less than 200 miles to travel took three and four days to reach their destination owing to the boggy state of the roads, while the Revd. Daniels reached Hay in 2½ hours, the distance being 250 miles. In his own words, "Comment on the best mode of travelling in outback Australia is needless." A comparison of the times taken proves this to be the case.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

OLD-TIME INDIA AND MODERN MANOA

By "Junius"

THERE'S an amazing variety of unexpected information about life in the Navy and elsewhere in the time of Trafalgar in *Travels in India, Ceylon and Borneo* (Routledge: 10s. 6d.), an admirable boiling down of the original nine volumes of Captain Basil Hall's *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, which was published exactly a hundred years ago. The selection has been made by Professor H. G. Rawlinson. Captain Hall was the second son of a Scottish baronet and entered the Navy in 1802. Even as a midshipman he showed the keen observation, the sense of humour, and the passion for acquiring information which are characteristic of his later voyages and travels. His description, for instance, of the barbaric splendour of the Hindu festival known as the Dussera at Mysore in 1813 could not be bettered and gives us an unusual spectacle of life in a native State in "the good old days of John Company."

THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE received the young officer, seated on a throne of gold, silver and ivory, the canopy being set with gigantic pearls, and surmounted with a gigantic peacock, apparently composed of diamonds and precious stones of untold value. His Highness was so weighed down with jewels that he could hardly stand, and his enormous golden head-piece gave his head a "slight list to starboard!"; though as one of the party remarked, a man might well go with a crick in his neck for life in return for such ballast. The chief feature of the festival was a wild-beast fight, in which the combatants were a tiger, a buffalo, donkeys with leather bottles full of peas tied to their tails and savage hounds. Added to the appalling noise made by the animals twelve military bands played different tunes simultaneously.

THE Admiralty of those days had a far higher appreciation of the novelist's craft than they have to-day. In 1831 Captain Hall laid a suggestion before the Admiralty that Sir Walter Scott, as a last chance of recovering his health, should go for a cruise in the Mediterranean. In consequence of the suggestion the *Barham* frigate was placed at Sir Walter's disposal. This book will appeal strongly to all those interested in the Navy, in India, and in old-time travel.

I HAVE no doubt that a certain number of its readers will find *To That First Naked Glory* (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.), by Lawrence David, "smacking of doubtful propriety." But the novel is written from the French point of view—and that, the French point of view obtaining in an island in the South Seas belonging to a rich family. And the English and the French look at certain things very differently. Mr. David has certainly kept most cleverly to the French attitude throughout.

PIERRE VANDE, whose father grows vanilla in Samoa, unexpectedly succeeds an uncle in the possession of the island of Manoa where they grow copra. He is very young and enters into his possession like a sovereign mounting a throne. In fact, in Manoa the Vande power is sovereign. No one dares dispute their will. This, perhaps, accounts for Master Pierre's amatory adventures. But if you like that sort of book—it has many amusing moments—you will be able to follow his intrigue with his cousin Marguerite, and how that lady most subtly baffled his designs upon the innocent Madeleine du Cri. Incidentally, Jevons, Pierre's Cockney valet, is a highly diverting figure. Petticoats are not the only interest in Pierre's life. The Vande income is not what it was from copra. Pierre, to the amazement and horror of his uncle's head officials, turns Manoa into a vanilla producing island.

A group snapped on the steps of Mr. George Pinkard's Surrey house, Combe Court, Chiddingfold. In the front row are Major Desmond Chapman-Huston, Mrs. George Pinkard and Princess Pilar of Bavaria, and in the second row are Mr. Joe Crevan and the Princess's lady-in-waiting. The Princess, who is a first cousin of the King of Spain, has written a book, "Alfonso XIII: A Study in Monarchy," in collaboration with Major Chapman-Huston, and it will be published in October

YOU will remember the charm of Jane Dashwood's first novel, *Three Sisters*. I find its successor, *The Month of May* (Murray: 7s. 6d.), even more delightful, although it ends on a note of frustration and sadness. "Poor Mary Willoughby," you say to yourself as you close the book, "Poor Mary Willoughby!" And yet even to-day there are thousands of women who, like her, lead the same lives, and suffer the same fate.

Mary Willoughby was one of those spinster daughters who are the victims of their aged parents. In the beautiful old Willoughby house, Saverals, she is a sort of extra maid to her exacting and selfish mother, and the constant attendant on her ailing father of eighty. She has always been there, and it enters nobody's head why she should not fetch and carry for her mother, take her father for his daily walks, and read aloud to him. So much so, that the whole family use her as a general factotum. If her sister-in-law, Eileen, wants to send a child to the dentist, Mary must go to London to take him; and although it is months since she had any change, her sister and an aunt pile her with lists for the stores.

THE atmosphere of the Willoughby family, and the varying characteristics of its members are conveyed—I use the word advisedly because they grow under the author's hand without definite description—with an assurance that I find masterly. Old Mr. Willoughby, living more and more in the past as his powers fail him; Mrs. Willoughby, selfish to the core, extravagant, immersed in chiffons, but fascinating; Eileen, the wife of the only son, a snob, but devoted to her husband and children, and using Saverals, her in-laws and Mary, for all she can get out of them; Eleanor, the eldest sister married to a clergyman, a successful novelist, and blind to all the failures of her fads in child-rearing and housekeeping; Vivien, the next sister, beautiful and vivid, living in London after breaking away from the overpowering selfishness of her mother and the general home atmosphere. And Aunt Bertha, who when asked to luncheon invariably stayed to tea and dinner; and whose passion for plain speaking as opposed to plain living kept most people at a distance, and filled those hardy enough to face her verbal fire with dread as to what she would say next.

NOT a very crowded gallery, but each portrait is done with the delicacy of an etching. All her life Mary Willoughby has loved her cousin, Dick Harding. At the supreme moment, when she decides to go with him to Argentina, the old family dominance asserts itself, and you say "Poor Mary Willoughby!" A book of touching beauty, but one also of vigour.

P.S.C GIVES LOWER LINES . . . BETTER BALANCE

Showing how P·S·C 'one-piece' construction gives greater angle of safety

By making possible the all-steel 'one-piece' car P·S·C gets rid of the thick wood frame between body and chassis. Weight is kept in its proper place—near the ground; heavy pillars and roof members are replaced by a strong skeleton of P·S·C pressed steel. Centre of gravity is lowered; driving safety increased. The whole car becomes one rigid unit; body and chassis strengthening one another; one piece instead of many; all rattle and drumming quelled to noiselessness.

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P·S·C makes possible 'one-piece' construction

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MOTOR NOTES

A scene "somewhere in Scotland" during the making of a film version of the novel, "Footsteps in the Night," by Mrs. L. Fraser-Simson. One of the new traffic policemen, using a Morris car, is seen being "shot" by the combined sound and picture camera

THE PHARISEES OF FARNHAM

By E. M. Wright

At Farnham the other day an elderly vicar was given half a column in the local newspapers. For it appeared he was hailed before the Farnham Bench. The vicar had broken the law; unwittingly, perhaps, yet he had broken it. And, as administrators of the law, the magistrates fined him savagely. A motoring visitor to Farnham, he had, in fact, failed to produce his certificate of insurance within the statutory five days. The police admitted that it was perfectly in order and that it had been forthcoming. But it had not been shown by the fifth day. "Two pounds," pronounced the horrified justices.

***

Two weeks later the magistrates met again. Before them stood a cyclist—his offence, no lights. Asked why he had not shown any lights, the culprit frankly admitted that he did not even possess a lamp. For showing complete contempt of the law and making himself a danger to every user of the road, the cyclist was mulcted in the sum of seven and sixpence! Again the curtain rises on the same scene. "One pound," said the magistrates to a *motor* cyclist who had failed to show a rear light. "And ten shillings for not having your number-plate illuminated." Pleas by the motor cyclist that he had not forgotten the light, and had indeed purposely pulled up to inspect it a minute or two before being stopped by the policeman, fell upon deaf ears. Like the vicar, he had technically flouted the law. It must be appeased. "Pay," ordered the law, "and pay four times as much as the cyclist."

***

The whole thing would be absurd, ridiculous, Gilbertian, were it not so utterly tyrannical. If the bench of a country town persists in persecuting motorists, the people of that town will in the end suffer far more severely than the motorists who have been fined. For what Farnham is doing is being done by pompous Bumbles all over the country. To many of these men and women the word "motorist" is as a red rag to a bull. What they completely fail to realise is that they themselves are also becoming the red rag to the touring motorist, who is a very considerable asset these days. Unfortunately, the motorist, who is usually a harmless fellow, cannot adopt the same methods of retaliation as the bull. But he has others equally, if not more, effective.

***

Many a town has been boycotted thanks to the inquisitorial zeal of its magistrates; and if Farnham or any other town comes to be regarded as a plague spot, motorists will speedily learn to give it a wide berth, or, if they must include it in their route, will pass through the danger zone as quickly as possible. There will be no temptation to linger, rather every reason to hasten on. Every country town is dependent to greater or less degree upon the chance custom of passing visitors. Restaurants, tea-shops, not to speak of inns, live by their occasional trade.

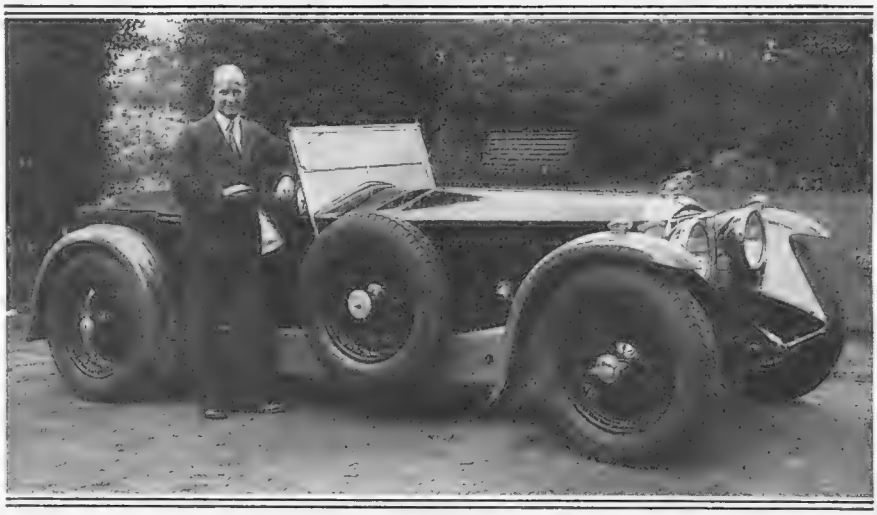
***

What we need is a black list of towns where magistrates and police are inclined to persecution of motorists and unfair decisions. Such places once black-listed should be taboo to the motorist. Their hotels, inns, tea places and shops should be boycotted until their proprietors and managers arise in their wrath and stay their bench of fanatical old women who abuse the law.

***

Magistrates have it in their power to make the new Traffic Act either a real charter of the road or a terrible instrument of persecution. One hopes for the best. Then one thinks of a hundred local towns whose benches are occupied by collections of pompous and self-righteous men and women, all filled with the same antiquated prejudice and the same vindictive spirit towards the "criminal" motorist—and hope dies.

(*Continued on page 362*)



Mr. Donald Healey with his British Invicta car in which he won the recent International Alpine Trial. He led all the way from start to finish

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A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

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DOGS

SCRATCHES! BY LADY KITTY RITSON

HALF the letters that I receive and am asked to forward to the veterinary surgeon are sent without a stamped addressed envelope. In future, such will only be answered through the columns of the paper.

In the meantime I am struck by the number of people who write for advice on the matter of skin troubles. Very often it is due to wrong feeding, but sometimes when I am asked to give advice personally on the subject of skin trouble I find that the dog has contracted mange. There are two forms of mange, sarcoptic and follicular. One is told that the latter is incurable and not contagious.

WELL, far be it from me to contradict the veterinary profession, but I am of the opinion that it can be cured and that it is most contagious (not to human beings). It is with the greatest difficulty that you can ever get a vet. to say that a dog has mange—partly because it is very difficult to locate the parasite and partly because his clients hate to be told the truth, when it has to do with mange.

I am not going to endeavour to explain to you how to differentiate between mange and other skin troubles, for that is a vet.'s job, but if your dog scratches continually, and, above all, if he smells mousy and cheesy combined, you may bank on its being mange.

FOR the amateur dog keeper I recommend treating all skin troubles as mange; this can do no harm, and it will probably cure the trouble once and for all. Unless you live in the country and have a good stable or kennel, you must send the dog to the vet., because you cannot—and this is definite—cure it by half measures. You must be prepared to take a month over the treatment, for you must rub the mange cure (Shirley's is a good one) into the dog's skin all over and brush it into the hairless parts with a tooth brush. The directions will tell you how often to repeat the dressing.

THE SMILE OF VICTORY

Miss Wood with Mr. Greenwood's first-prize winning Dalmatians, Eclipse of Bromholm and Tandem Destiny, at the Tunbridge Wells Dog Show. A modest demeanour in the hour of victory does not seem to be one of the Dalmatians' strong points

AFTER three treatments give a bath, using plain yellow soap; then begin all over again. As a rule, three lots of rubbing and baths should cure the worst case. It will do the dog's coat an immense amount of good, anyhow. It is no use stopping too soon, because the female parasite lays her eggs very deep down, and it is three weeks before the last egg is hatched and comes to the surface of the skin. This is a very rough and unscientific explanation, but it is merely to show how important it is to persevere with the oily dressing. There are two kinds of follicular mange, the scurvy, dry sort, and the acute. In some years the former is very common, and if it is neglected it turns into the acute form, which is practically incurable.

IT is very important to feed dogs who have mange very well, which does not mean richly and unsuitably. But give good raw beef, occasional liver, and a tonic, as it is a disease which is very lowering. Don't develop a feeling of shame and an inferiority complex just because your dog happens to be attacked by this scourge. It does not mean dirt, necessarily, or every other mongrel would be suffering therefrom; it is an annoying incident in canine life, but it can be cured if you really take it in hand and don't procrastinate.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 360)

IN THE NEWS

An Adventurous Trip

Caravanners trundling along quiet country lanes may (or may not) wish to follow in the footsteps of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Fuller and their maid, Mary Roberts, who have recently returned from nine months' adventurous touring in the Sahara and through some of the wildest parts of French Equatorial Africa in a Chevrolet "Eccles" caravan. Despite the military rule that at least two cars must travel together across the desert, Mr. Fuller obtained permission to cross alone. "You are going," he was told, "where many before you have left their bones." And on their way they passed the skeleton of a man. During one stage of the crossing the caravan was buried up to the wheel tops in sand every day, and all hands had to turn to and dig it out. River crossings were a nightmare. Several times they were carried over on a flimsy raft, which was propelled by natives swimming. Once they found a bridge, and had reached the middle when it gave way, and the caravan crashed through. Fortunately, the water was shallow, and after clearing away the wreckage they were able to drive over the river bed. The "Eccles" caravan accomplished this arduous trip without failing in any respect.

A Wonderful Escape

Few motor racing men have had more miraculous or more numerous escapes from death and injury than Jack Barclay, whose daring driving has often thrilled thousands at Brooklands. Seldom travelling at under 100 m.p.h., Mr. Barclay has now sustained a bad accident at 4 m.p.h. He was riding in Norfolk when his horse stumbled and fell on him, breaking his thigh in two places. He is now lying in Lady Carnarvon's Nursing Home in Portland Place, and in spite of his ordeal is tirelessly directing his business by means of a bedside telephone. We are pleased to say he is progressing splendidly.

Speed and grace are allied in this remarkable picture of the new Lincoln car. It is seen breasting the test hill at the Brooklands track

Gladder Tyres

Fifty machines for making tyre cord by a new process which gives much greater resistance to fatigue have been installed in the Dunlop cotton mills at Rochdale. "We have such faith in the process," said a Dunlop official in an interview, "that twenty per cent. of our total plant at Rochdale is now working on it, and we intend eventually to introduce the system throughout the mills.

"The process, which puts two twists in the thread for each turn of the spindle instead of one, is not entirely a new discovery, but up to recently it could not be worked satisfactorily because it was impossible to prevent the spindle from oscillating. This difficulty has now been overcome, and the new process yields a better controlled yarn. There is no limit to the amount of twist that can be imparted to the yarn, and greater control of elongation is obtained.

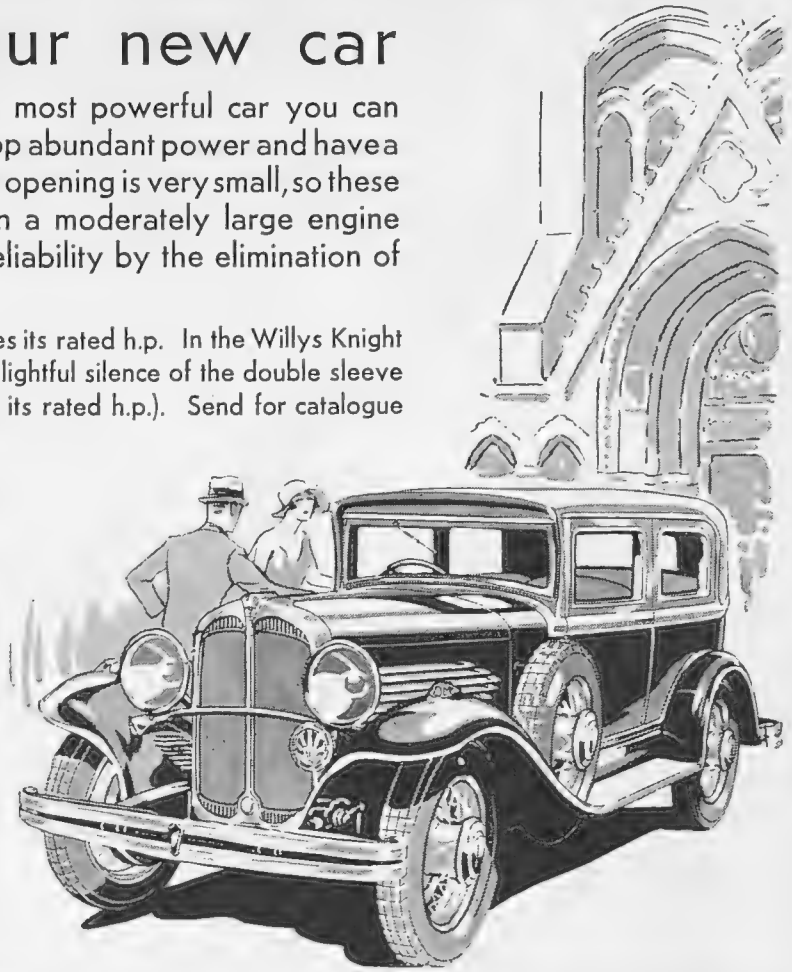
A Big Touring Club

The Touring Club Italiano, one of the most important touring organisations in Europe, has now reached a membership of over 400,000, comprising motorists, cyclists, Alpinists, and indeed all varieties of tourists. This Italian Club is allied to the Automobile Association, whose members are granted certain privileges and facilities when touring in Italy. E. M. W.

How to choose your new car

For complete motoring satisfaction, choose the most powerful car you can afford to run. The new Willys models each develop abundant power and have a fascinating performance. At 40 m.p.h. the throttle opening is very small, so these Willys cars have the true economy inherent in a moderately large engine working under small load . . . . also ensuring reliability by the elimination of stress, strain and high piston speeds.

The Willys Six (98D), develops 65 b.h.p., more than 2½ times its rated h.p. In the Willys Knight (66D) these advantages are further emphasised by the delightful silence of the double sleeve valve engine (developing 87 b.h.p., or more than 2 times its rated h.p.). Send for catalogue describing and illustrating all three models.



Willys

Willys Six (98D) Saloon - - -	£295
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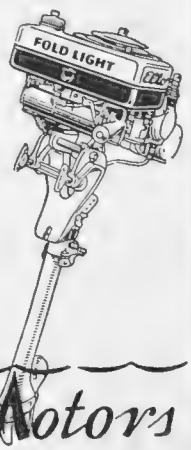

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SHOOTING NOTES

THE FEAST OF ST. GROUSE

By "Clodhopper"

DEVOIR to that very rightly canonised and essentially British game-bird, the red grouse, will be religiously observed by a host of sportsmen and epicures to-day—the "Glorious Twelfth." But it remains to be proved how the grouse-shooting season of 1931 will compare with those of past years. A few weeks ago, while the moors were being tried with setters and pointers, for the dual purpose of steadying the dogs and giving an idea of the prospects, I motored through many of the northern and southern moorland districts of Scotland, and, incidentally, discussed the interesting and — from the Highlander's point of view—all-important subjects of grouse, deer and salmon, with several well-known shooting proprietors and their gamekeepers.

WITH a few encouraging exceptions my Scottish friends were decidedly pessimistic anent the grouse problem. The great rainstorm which flooded a very large area of the coastal and low-lying moors on June 14-15, and was followed by a long spell of wet weather and bitterly cold winds, caused serious mortality amongst the young broods; the heather-crop, though now coming on remarkably well, has been rather poor and unusually late; and, worse still, some disease has occurred on the West Lammermoors, Berwickshire, in the neighbourhood of Dunkeld, Perthshire, and, further south, in Dumfries, East Lothian and Roxburgh. I was told, however, that in every case the outbreak has been slight, and as *strongylosis* is merely another term for starvation, it is to be hoped that with an ample and increasing crop of heather for the grouse to feed upon, and the young plant flourishing after the spring burning, the fell disease will die out quickly and entirely.

BE all this as it may, in my experience the average Scot, be he laird, moorland keeper, or professional deer-stalker, is not as a rule particularly optimistic anent game prospects, even though he may be hiding a very useful trump card in his sleeve. No doubt the adverse weather conditions which obtained so generally on the grouse moors immediately after the mid-season and later hatchings played havoc with such broods. On the other hand, one ventures to say that the early hatchings proved strong enough to weather the storm; while on the majority of moors a very heavy stock of grouse was left at the finish of last season. These useful factors will in some degree counterbalance matters on badly depleted shootings, even. The coveys are exceptionally forward and strong on the wing, and some of the more favoured moors in both the northern and southern districts are expected to yield bags equal to those of last year. In short, though grouse are likely to be "patchy" and totals may not pan out to average, I do not believe that the outlook with regard to sport on the Scottish moors is by any means so black as it is very generally reported to be.

By Leslie Marchant

"What's your bloke like?"
"Oh, one o' they chaps what sees all and 'its nothing"

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

SHOOTING SEASON RESOLUTIONS.

I often wonder if one hundred practical shots were asked to submit a brief code of hints what would be their selection. Leaving out copy-book maxims, the following is my effort:

When drive or beat is in progress be ready for the early bird.
When shooting has begun guard your own piece of front rather than watch a more lucky companion.
Be abstemious at lunch.
At the covert side a still tongue shows a wise head.
Remember, by keeping the gun still, to avoid barrel glints.
A sober tinted costume brings more birds than rainbow effects.
When birds arrive in scattered formation try to spare those flying well to the guns on either side.
Cultivate the art of dropping all your birds in front—which means shoot early.
After firing the first barrel look carefully around for a second chance before reloading or changing guns.
When overhead birds are expected keep the muzzles at about eye level. A sagging gun wants a lot of lifting.
Having stamped down a level platform at your stand resolve to stay there absolutely.
Whilst birds are approaching stand rigid till the time comes, then act smartly.
As in tennis, try to bring off your first service, meanwhile leaving every possible margin for a successful second.
Do a minimum of shooting at birds which have passed the line.
Count aloud all birds down. so that your loader may hear and help keep the tally.
Prolonged watching of a bird that carries on may usually be left to those charged with the task.
Be very alert to notice if your dog is inclined to make himself a bit of a nuisance.
Don't allow occasional bouts of failure to unsteady the confidence
Leave at home all technics concerning allowance and velocity.
The one technical study that is permissible when out shooting is the cultivation of range judgment.

THE grouse reports from the north of England are even less encouraging. But not having made my usual tour of inspection to the Yorkshire moors this season I am not in a position to comment upon the outlook here. The following extract from a letter on the subject just received from that notable Westmorland game-shot and otter hunter, Mr. Charles A. Wilson, of Milnthorpe is, however, interesting. "We are having awful weather here. Rivers all in flood, and, as you say, partridges almost extinct. Hand-reared pheasants have done very well in this district, but wild ones very badly—nests simply washed away. Grouse are 'patchy.' From Niddersdale, Yorks, I have received very bad reports of disease, and on Middlesmoor, which yielded 2,770 brace last year, not more than 1,000 brace are expected to be killed this season. The keeper on my own moors says, 'he has nothing to complain about,' which is excellent news from a dour old Scotsman." Knowing the Scottish temperament as I do, it is, in fact, almost a song of jubilation and thanksgiving!

A SMALL army of prominent sportsmen and sportswomen have already invaded the Scottish grouse moors and deer forests. Among the earliest arrivals were the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Dunrobin Castle, Lady Evelyn Cobbold at Glencarron Lodge, Ross-shire, Sir John Dewrance, who again rents Lord Lovat's famous preserves at Brawlen. Lord and Lady Lovat are in residence at Beaufort Castle, Lochiel, and Lady Hermione Cameron at Achnacarry.

THE Mackintosh of Mackintosh is at Moy Hall, and Mr. C. W. Ogden, the American lessee of Beaufort Forest and the surrounding moors, has made his appearance at Ochnagaim. Dr. Leggatt is making preparations for the deer-stalking in the forest of Fearley, which he has leased for a long period from Lord Lovat. Mrs. Milburn has taken Cozad Lodge, in Glencannich, and Sir Charles and Lady Knightley have arrived at Nonach Lodge, Ross-shire, for the season.

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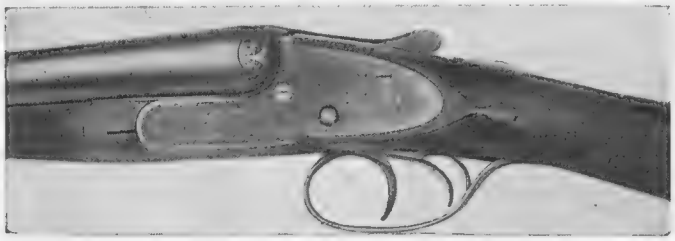

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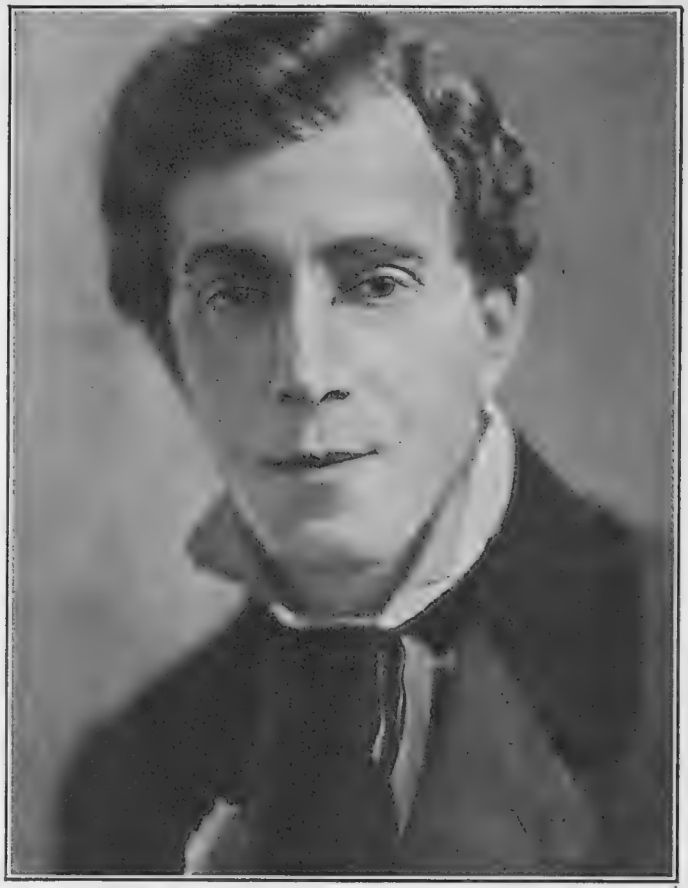
Joseph Hislop



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TO a great singer, throat irritation is little short of a disaster; to the ordinary smoker, at least a discomfort, and often more.

The irritants cannot be removed from tobacco in course of manufacture because they only assert themselves when the cigarette is being smoked. They are a by-product of combustion.

And the filter-tip contains the only substance known to science capable of holding them in check. That is why men and women who value physical fitness are welcoming "du Maurier" Virginia—the cigarette that can truly claim to be non-irritant.

Another reason is that the filter-tip reveals a wealth of flavour and fragrance hitherto hidden. By cutting out the bad, the good is emphasised. Fine Virginia leaf becomes even more delectable. The proof is in the smoking.

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Obtainable from your own tobacconist or from Peter Jackson, 217, Piccadilly, London, W.1

Fashions Fancies

FASHIONS FOR SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS

The decorative wool sweater on the left is in artistic green tints shading from dark to light, the collar being loosely knotted. The frock is of a new wool fabric with pleats in the skirt and detachable scarf collar. At Marshall & Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.

VELVET PRINCESS FROCKS. Bustle Draperies Epaulette Sleeves and "Californian Curls"

For golf, Emile advocates waves set close to the temples; for riding, flat waves with curls at the sides; and for tennis, broad flat waves shown in the illustration on the right

Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W, is a past master in persuading recalcitrant tresses to obey his commands. He believes in "Californian Curls" like these pictured for the beach and swimming. They have a youthful air

Modes for To-morrow

THE great fashion houses in Paris are showing the modes that they have recently created. Apparently they are not quite sure of themselves, as, in addition to the dresses and their accessories influenced by the fashions that prevailed from 1860 to 1880, they are sponsoring weavable dresses. This is in the domain of evening dresses. Reference has already been made to the revival of the "bustle" in a much modified form; it is merely a soft drapery at the back, or it may be a butterfly bow reinforced with ends. A conceit in which some will read the return of the pannier is a piping of a contrasting material which follows the same line as a pannier. Quaint little basques have their rôles to play; they vary in depth from four to twelve inches.

The Epaulette and Puff Sleeve

AN attempt is being made to create a vogue for the square shoulder, therefore epaulette sleeves are introduced, sometimes the hems are wired and are composed of two or three layers. The puff sleeve, even for velvet dresses, is of lace or Georgette, and is finished with a narrow beading to match the necklace. It is safe to predict that black velvet dresses will come into their own; in them are united the most becoming characteristics of the Princess and Diana Gibson types, and much ingenuity has been brought to bear in designing novel backs, sometimes two braces (not more than half an inch wide) make the back, and it may be that sprays of flowers alight on the one on the right side. When the fabricating medium is cut in a V, either a flounce, which is sometimes designated a bustle, is present, and a clump of shaggy chrysanthemums.

The Charm of San Toy

THE firm of Courtaulds always believe in taking time by the forelock, therefore the new designs in the San-Toy printed fabrics are being sold in the shops. They really are charming. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Courtaulds, 16, St. Martin's le Grand, London, E.C., who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent. These materials are woven from rayon and cotton, all rayon, and, in the case of the thick jumper suiting, rayon and wool. Another strong point in their favour is that they are washable, and if stretched out damp and ironed will retain their original appearance throughout a long life. The San-Toy used for the dress on this page is a study in black and white, the lower parts of the sleeves and vest being of lace; broderie anglais might be substituted for the lace, or the entire scheme could be of San-Toy.

It is of Courtaulds' San Toy that this frock is destined to be made. It is a pleasant study in black and white

Coiffures for All Occasions

NOWADAYS it is essential that the coiffure be in harmony with the occasions on which it is worn, and it is an open secret that few women are unable to do without aids. Emile, that well-known artist in hair, of 24, Conduit Street, and Paris, has created the postiches pictured. Naturally, women's own hair could be arranged in similar ways; it would have to be permanently waved or curled. "Californian Curls" are the salient feature of the coiffure on the left; it is just right for swimming or on the beach. Next is a suggestion for the golf enthusiast. The waves are set close to the temples, and as a consequence the hair does not become disarranged with the wind. The illustration on the extreme right shows how the tennis enthusiast should dress her hair; it is set in very flat, broad waves. For riding, the waves should be flat to fit under the bowler, with tiny curls at the side to soften the line round the face, and a flat plait at the back showing beneath the brim. A fact that is sometimes overlooked is that Emile make a feature of beauty culture; indeed, they have treatments for all troubles of the complexion.

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THE GOURMET — Conducted By Emilia

Filets de Soles à la Dubois

SPRINKLE some fillets of sole with lemon juice, pepper and salt, and place them in a well-buttered fireproof dish. Bake in a moderate oven from twenty-five to thirty minutes, turning the fillets once during that time, and moisten them with a little stock. Stew four large tomatoes; when cooked rub them through a sieve and mix with them the juice of half a lemon, a dust of pepper and salt, and the liquid that is in the dish in which the fish has been cooked. Stir well, make thoroughly hot and pour over the fish.

Vol au Vent de Ris de Veau

TAKE some good puff paste, roll it out one inch in thickness, stamp it with a fluted cutter, mark it with another of a smaller size, leaving about one and a half inches at the edge. Brush over with egg, and bake in a quick oven. When done remove the piece marked out for the top with a sharp knife, and scoop out all the soft part. Drain and dry.

For the Inside.—Prepare and blanch two heart sweetbreads, quarter them, and put them aside. Now put 2 ozs. of butter in a stewpan; when melted, add 2 ozs. of flour, and by degrees half a pint of good white stock. Add white pepper and salt, two small onions, and a piece of lemon peel. When the sauce boils put in the pieces of sweetbread, cover with buttered paper, put the lid on, and simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour, shaking the stewpan occasionally. When done, remove the onion and lemon peel and then put the mixture into the prepared case.

Crême aux Abricots

STEW some apricots in syrup, and then cover the bottom of a glass dish with them. Mix with some of the syrup one tablespoonful of brandy, and pour over the apricots. Dissolve ½ oz. of gelatine in a little water, strain it, and then add one pint of cream (or half milk and half cream). Add one tablespoonful of sugar, put it in a stewpan, and stir over the fire. Let it boil for one minute, pour into a jug, add two tablespoonfuls of brandy. When nearly cold pour over the apricots. Let it stand till next day.

Croutes de Sardines

BONE and mince some sardines, add the yolks of three eggs, 1 oz. of butter, four tablespoonfuls of thin cream, one dessertspoonful each of Worcester sauce and anchovy, and a little chili vinegar. Heat slowly and serve very hot on fried rounds of bread.

Dîner

MELON CANTALOUPE.

CONSOMMÉ EN TASSE.

FILETS DE SOLES À LA DUBOIS.

VOL AU VENT DE RIS DE VEAU.

POULET RÔTI.

SALADE À LA FRANÇAISE.

CRÊME AUX ABRICOTS.

CROÛTES DE SARDINES.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Ideal Homes in Scotland

The Scottish Ideal Home Exhibition, to be held at the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, from September 30 to October 24, will include many remarkably interesting features. Outstanding among them will be "Rooms Famous in Scottish History," which will reproduce scenes glowing with the romance of Scotland's storied past. They will include the Banqueting Hall in Inverness Castle of the period between 1040 and 1057, reviving memories of Macbeth, the bower in which Queen Margaret waited vainly for the return of her husband from Flodden Field, and the bedroom used by Mary Queen of Scots when imprisoned at Lochleven Castle in 1567. Other special features will include an exhibition of works of art under the title of "Sons of Glasgow" Art Gallery, a self-contained and fully equipped theatre of Fashion to accommodate audiences of 1,600 at a time, and a series of One-Room Ideal Homes which will show how, within the compass of a single room, beauty and convenience may be combined with economy in such apartments as a studio-living room, a woman's one-room flat, a student's bed-sitting room, and so on.

Fighting Summer Ills

Nothing is so trying as hay fever, catarrh and summer colds when they descend upon us like a bolt from the blue and reduce us to a state of irritable unfitness. But there is, happily, one sure and certain way in which to combat these trials, and in Vapex we find a very present help in times of such troubles. Smoking is often most trying under such circumstances, but the smoker can still enjoy his cigarette in comfort by placing a drop of Vapex on the middle of it. This brings antiseptic vapours into direct contact with the mouth, throat and nasal passages, and gives the sufferer from catarrh, hay fever, etc., quick relief. Vapex is obtainable from all chemists in 2*s.* and 3*s.* bottles.

WHEN EAST MEETS WEST

Two picturesque dancers of the Temple of Bali, Dutch East Indies. They have been most interested in one of the new Chevrolet touring cars, which they examined with more glee than technical knowledge—although the Chevrolet would survive the most exhausting inspection and come through with flying colours

A Hint for Men

That morning shave can be either a short, easy affair, or a lengthy and agonising procedure which reminds one all too painfully that, although a hard pull may be nice enough when rowing, it is quite the reverse when shaving! However, there is absolutely no need for any man to endure the latter experience, for, if he uses a Kirby-Beard Safety Razor Blade, it will be all smooth sailing. These double-edged blades are made of a special steel, and their keenness and durability have to be tested to be believed. They cost but threepence each, and are obtainable from all chemists and usual dealers in packets of five blades for one shilling and threepence and ten blades for half a crown.

A Summer Drink

When a hard set of tennis, a gruelling round of golf, or a brisk walk leave one parched and thirsty, and one's thoughts turn yearningly to a long and refreshing drink, Kia-Ora Lemon or Orange comes as a veritable godsend. Not only is Kia-Ora made under ideal conditions from the very finest fruit procurable, but it is no trouble at all to serve; one merely adds five parts of water to one of Kia-Ora, and the exquisite fresh-fruit flavour makes it the ideal drink for all occasions, at all hours. The prices have recently been reduced, and a bottle of squash and a decanter of crush now cost only 1*s.* 11*d.*, whilst a full half-size bottle costs 1*s.*

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● aged • of rare mellowness • subtle bouquet • distinctive ● by host • by guests • by all preferred

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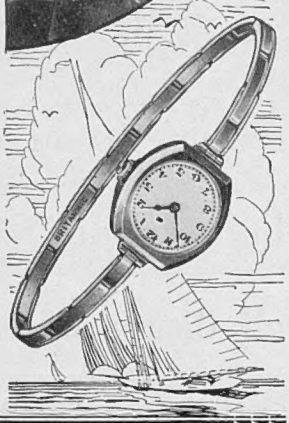

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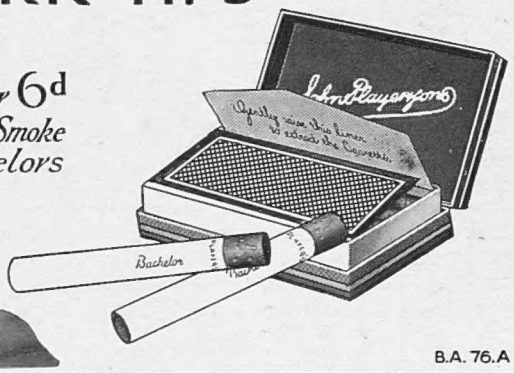

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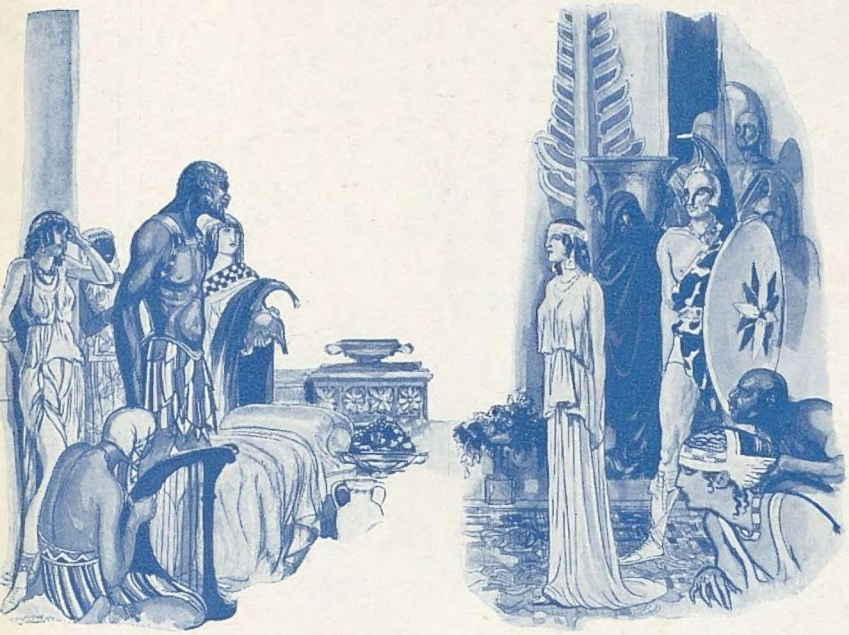
CRISIS at Carthage . . .

A drama of suspense and two-fold sacrifice when Baal's Altars ran red with blood



Barca sat where the elders had left him, sullen and apathetic, his sword where he had thrown it. On a low table before him was food and wine, the food untouched.

A lute-player sought to distract him. A dancer leaned against a porphyry column, waiting till he should be aware of her presence.

The General sat motionless, bent forward, his chin resting on the palm of his hand. His eyes beheld nothing, but his ears were strained for sound.

In the street he heard a quick command, a challenge, and the tread of approaching feet, at which he turned his head. The footsteps drew nearer, there were voices at the door. Presently, on the threshold, he saw Miriam, and Hasdrubal standing watchfully behind her.

Barca rose, but did not advance to meet her. From their distance they exchanged glances.

The girl watched, with slow horror, the light that began to fill his bloodshot eyes, the flush of triumph that brought colour to his cheeks.

His dry lips parted. He spoke in a croaking whisper.

"They made you see that no woman can be weighed against the city."

"That," she replied, "is a man's privilege. Should a woman betray, they have means to deal with her. But a man——"

He flung himself down the room to where she stood mocking him. His wiry old arms clutched at her for a moment.

"Untamed still, are you?" he whispered. "Well, let it be so."

Releasing her, he turned to the woman who had waited to amuse him.

"Here," he cried. "Take her away and have her fittingly adorned. And you, Hasdrubal," he added, turning to the captain, "lest she seek to evade me again, post your men by the doors."

Lethargy was gone from him. He struck a gong with his clenched fist, and hurried back to his chair, where he snatched a beaker of wine.

"Bring me music and dancers!" he cried, when one answered the gong. "And food and wine. Burn me sweet-smelling powders. Bring lights. Send a messenger to the walls and say that Barca is still the beloved of Baal and comes to save the city!"

If the slave laughed at the excitement of the old man, he waited till he could laugh in secret, but, standing at his post, like the good soldier he was, Hasdrubal shivered . . .

IN "CRISIS AT CARTHAGE" by Fletcher Allen.

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SWEETS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS
"ALTERNATIVES FOR AUGUST" by *A. H. Adair*

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